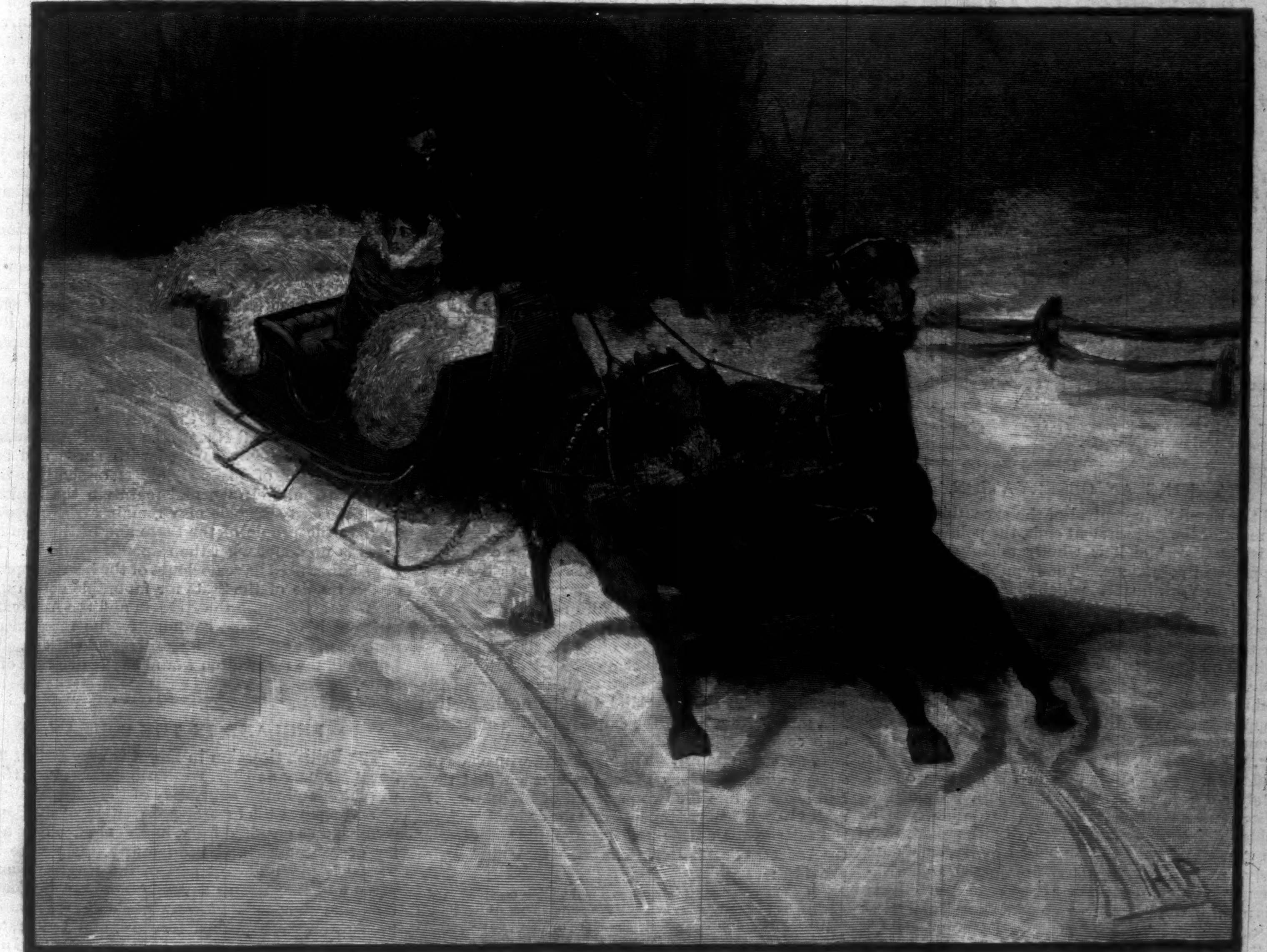
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1471. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1885. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.



"I AM GOING TO RUN AWAY WITH YOU."

MARKHAM'S BAYS.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

GORDON MARKHAM was sitting at his desk when one of the helpers from Bent's livery-stable across the way came in. "I'm afraid Bill can't drive for that sleighing party to-night," he said, hesitatingly.

"Can't drive?" repeated Markham, looking up. "Why not?"

"Well, he's hurt his hand — jammed it pretty hard, I expect. Sent his little girl round just now to tell the boss, and *he* sent me round to you."

"H'm — that's a pity. How about Jerry?"

"Jerry won't be off his job in time; but there's Pat Mooney, and—"

"No, no; there's no one else I care to trust the bays with. Well, I'll drive myself. Bring the team round here at half past seven, Jack."

"All right, sir."

The man went out, and Markham turned again to his accounts as readily as if he had been in the florist's business all his life instead of a single year. Yet when he reached the end of his line of figures, and had footed them up, he did not turn to the next column, but played idly with the pen, while he gazed absently through his window at the forms passing up and down on the pavement, and heard, as one who hears not, the mingled din of the city street. He was indulging in something which Gordon Markham very seldom indulged in—a fit of retrospection. His thoughts had gone back to the last sleighing party when he had held the reins behind those bays, not as hired driver, but as courted host, with a double row of bright faces behind, and Lilian Avery on the seat close beside him. How their gay voices and laughter had rung out on the still woodland stretches! how swiftly they had cut through alternating spaces of shadow-gloom and snow-dazzle! what a splendor of moonlight had filled the sky from rim to rim! and, in its white radiance, how unutterably sweet and lovely had looked Lilian's smile, with the shy eyes half raised to his! And all that was only one year ago—all the tingle of excitement, the glory of moonlight, the throb of a sensation half-way between earth and heaven? He caught his breath sharply, and stabbed the open page before him with his pen. The act recalled him to himself, and as he looked at his surroundings he smiled bitterly at the romance that ended thus. "No more of this foolery!" he muttered between his set teeth, as he attacked the next row of figures resolutely and patiently.

And how had Gordon Markham's romance come to such an ending? It is a common story nowadays. In the morning the possessor of hundreds of thousands, and before night-fall a beggar. Only in Markham's case it was comparative, not positive, beggary, for out of the general wreck of his fortunes a handful was left—so much as, the day before, he might have given for a span of horses or a diamond bracelet. When the blow fell, his first feeling was of dizzy unreality, like that of a man trying to walk on air; but when the truth was confirmed by the revelations of extravagance and fraud which had brought about such wide-spread ruin, his brain cleared, and he set himself to face his future. What should he do? He was young and strong, and by so much had the advantage of many other sharers in the calamity; but he had been educated with no view to self-support, and had not the faintest idea to what to turn as a means of subsistence. Should he spend his little capital in training for an over-crowded profession, in which men fitter and more practiced than himself barely earned a scant livelihood? He had no special gift, no special knowledge. Then all at once a waft of fragrance from the roses and violets on a flower vender's stand close by blew a sudden clearness into his musings. *There* was one thing that he did know a good deal about. The Markham conservatories had been famous from his father's time, and Gordon had grown up with a taste for flowers such as few possessed outside the ranks of practical florists. Society had waxed enthusiastic about his bouquets hitherto. Why should he not turn his amateur knowledge to account, and make a few dollars from what had cost him many? He would undoubtedly lose his social standing, but that he expected to do in any case, and if the worst came to the worst, his shoulders were broad enough to bear it. He proposed to show his set that a gentleman could earn an honest living and yet remain a gentleman. So, having decided, he stood up and squared those shoulders which were literally as well as figuratively broad, and set about carrying out his new purpose with an energy which had never hitherto found its vent in anything particularly useful.

The first-fruit of the project was a note from Lilian Avery's father, which left Markham little doubt as to his future standing with the writer. In good plain English he cast off, in behalf of his daughter and himself, all relations with the young man from that time forth, and warned him in no manner even to address Lilian again. This was not pleasant, in view of the fact that Markham

[*Continued on page* 138.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, an illustrated magazine now naturalized among us, is an important accession to periodical literature for the coming generation, and takes up a position among periodicals for young people analogous to that which HARPER'S MAGAZINE does for older children."—*The Lady's Pictorial, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Number 278 opens with the First Part of a story entitled "Ford Bonner among the Gypsies," by E. I. STEVENSON, *with a front-page illustration.*

The most notable contribution in the way of fiction is the fairy tale entitled

"HANS HECKLEMAN'S LUCK,"

by HOWARD PYLE, *with several quaint illustrations by the author.*

MRS. LILLIE'S *entertaining and instructive series of articles on Music is continued, her subject in this number being "Troubadours and Minstrels."*

The principal illustration of the current issue is a full-page by T. DE THULSTRUP, *entitled "At the Rink," to accompany which* MR. ALLAN FORMAN *has written an article in which he shows, on the authority of eminent physicians and surgeons, the dangers as well as the delights of Roller-Skating.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

AS the Republican control of the executive department of the government ends, the political situation is singular, and it is wholly misinterpreted by mere partisan politicians. The Republican "scratching" in New York in 1879, which placed Mr. CORNELL in the minority, and would have defeated him but for the bolt of JOHN KELLY, which took 70,000 votes from the Democratic candidate, the Republican abstention and the Republican voting in the same State for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1882, which overwhelmed the Republican candidate, and the Independent Republican opposition to Mr. BLAINE in 1884, which, despite the enormous Irish defection from the Democratic party, defeated him, are political facts of the utmost significance. They show that in the absence of absolutely controlling questions there is a body of Republican voters powerful enough to decide even a Presidential election which is truly independent, that is to say, which will not support a party candidate merely because he is regularly nominated, and without regard to his character or fitness or to the methods of his nomination. However "astonishing," and "inexplicable," and "outrageous," and "impractical," and "treacherous," and "treasonable," and Judas-Iscariot-like, and Benedict-Arnold-like, and "dependent Democratic," and "bringing the rebellion into power," this may be, it is now perfectly clear that such a body exists, and that comically stupid and furious objurgations do not intimidate it.

These voters are by no means neutral or non-partisan. Attached to what are called Republican principles, and of old and long Republican connection, they hold that a primary Republican principle is independence in political action—a principle which necessarily involves perfect liberty to oppose a dishonest or unfit or corruptly nominated Republican candidate. This was their platform in the late election. It is their platform still, and the event of the election certainly does not persuade them to abandon it as politically barren or resultless. Repudiation or ridicule of it by the present party managers will not strengthen the party. Its assertion was not a freak nor a folly. Those who asserted it were neither mistaken nor misled. It is the principle of patriotism against mere party; and the declaration that the support of the candidate of a party is, under all circumstances, the test of patriotism, and that under all circumstances the party is the country, is the sheer madness of party spirit. In this situation party managers would hardly propose to precipitate a reorganization of parties, because each side would fear the result. The proceedings of Congress throw no light upon the probable course which parties will take. But the tone of the Republican press, and an occasional Republican speech since the election, and the action of Republican associations, all tend to show that the Republican disposition is to exclude from the party councils all who did not vote for Mr. BLAINE, and to trust for future success to Protection and Southern outrages.

Of course no voter can be prevented by any action of other voters from voting as he chooses. But the moral of the late election remains unchanged, and it is worthy of careful consideration. That moral is that the Republican party is not strong enough, even with the aid of the most mercenary Democratic alliance, to elect a candidate whom an important body of Republicans reject as unworthy, and that the cry of Protection and Southern outrages will not make such a candidate more acceptable. The mere party whip and spur failed completely in the late campaign. The force of falsehood, denunciation, ridicule, contumely of every kind, was exhausted, but in vain. Hereafter, and so long as the present situation continues, mere party spirit will avail still less than before. If the Republican party would once more arouse enthusiasm and inspire the old-time devotion, it ought to know that it can not be done by the desperate endeavor to make the party itself a fetich, but by taking the lead not only in specific measures of progress and reform, but in elevating the whole tone of political morality and methods. It must prove its sincerity by the kind of candidates that it selects for representatives, and not hope to frighten patriotic, honorable, and intelligent citizens into the support of unworthy candidates by bellowing that the rebel brigadiers are coming, and that the Republican party, whatever it may do, is the ark of safety. The opening of the new administration presents a great opportunity to both parties. There are Democrats who appreciate it no less than Republicans. Indeed, the country is more interested in the general character of administration than in specific measures of policy, except so far as they promote honest, economical, and efficient government. The signs of the times are plain enough. The future belongs to those who not only read them correctly, but who act accordingly.

PLUNDERING GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

THE system of plundering the employés of the government under the pretense of soliciting voluntary contributions for election expenses has been seriously checked by the laws prohibiting political assessments. This good work has been effectually aided by the information in regard to the laws and their penalties which has been furnished to clerks and others by the Civil Service Reform Associations, and by the legal steps taken by the Associations to procure the enforcement of the law. But the attempt to shield the offenders, even when the attempt at plundering has been unmistakable, has been sometimes successful, as the case of the Oakland post-office in California shows.

A gentleman of ascertained integrity and veracity who was employed in that office represented to the California Association that on the 1st of November two members of a Republican committee entered the Postmaster's room in Oakland, and seating themselves at a table, with a list of the employés in the office and their compensations before them, the clerks and carriers were summoned. The gentleman who made the statement was told by the committeemen that they had assessed him for two per cent. of his salary. It might be paid by installments, and the deductions from the salaries were made and the amounts collected by the Assistant Postmaster. The law of the United States provides:

> "That no person shall in any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties by any officer or employé of the United States mentioned in this act, or any navy-yard, fort, or arsenal, *solicit in any manner whatever*, or receive any contribution of money or any other thing of value, for any political purpose whatever."

If the facts were as stated, the case of violation of the law was fully made out. That there could be no doubt of the facts was shown by the statement of Mr. DARGIE, the Postmaster, who says:

> "On November 1, 1884, during my absence, Messrs. V. W. GASKILL and F. R. SHATTUCK, members of the Republican Committee of Alameda County, visited the Oakland post-office. They were there but a short time before I returned. I asked them their business. They informed me that they had called, as they felt it incumbent upon themselves, to notify all their political friends of the condition of the committee."

The Association laid the matter before the United States District Attorney, complaining of the Postmaster and the committeemen; but the Grand Jury decided that there was no evidence of violation of the law. We have known other Grand Juries to disregard the plainest testimony because they did not like the law. The California Association, in a brief and temperate statement of the case, say, conclusively:

> "It seems to this Association that the law itself has been deliberately ignored; that a confessed violation of it has been purposely overlooked; that the parties admittedly guilty of that violation have been exonerated from blame, in direct contradiction to admitted facts; while an effort has been made to create public sympathy for the accused, and against promoters of the prosecution. .... It was the duty of the Grand Jury to examine into the facts presented to them, and to find indictments against all persons shown to have violated the law. If the facts are in dispute upon which any complaint is based, no one has a right to complain if the Grand Jury ignores the bill presented to it, for they have an undisputed right to pass upon the credibility of witnesses and the truthfulness of testimony. But when the facts are admitted, and a clear violation of an act of Congress is confessed, is a Grand Jury acting in accordance with its official oath when it ignores the law, and asserts that there is no evidence that it was violated?"

Had the Postmaster, the District Attorney, and the Grand Jury really desired the faithful enforcement of the law, it would have been enforced, and the committeemen who, in a building of the public service, solicited contributions of money for a political purpose, would have been properly punished. So far as appears, the plundering of the employés was accomplished with the knowledge and consent of the Postmaster and the law officer of the United States.

THE NIAGARA BILL.

IT would be a great misfortune and a great discredit to the State of New York if the effort to save Niagara should fail. A commission of gentlemen of the highest character and intelligence have carefully considered the whole subject, and after an exhaustive examination and hearing they have reported that a little more than $1,400,000 would be a fair price for the land which it would be necessary for the State to acquire for the purpose of preventing the concealment of the cataract by the most unsightly obstructions. If their report and suggestion are not adopted by this Legislature, the effort must begin again, and with small hope of success.

There are gentlemen in the Legislature who comprehend fully the necessity of action in the matter. Is action impossible? There is no job in the measure. There is no party advantage. It is for the benefit of no class. It is a measure suggested solely by public spirit and by a due regard for the just pride and honor of the State. The plan does not contemplate a decorated and costly park, but simply the removal of offensive obstructions, and keeping the banks neat and green. There can be no objection to the project, unless it be said that the State has nothing to do with Niagara. But that is an assertion which every New-Yorker would deny, for every New-Yorker is proud of the sublime gift of nature which has fallen to the State. It might be said as truly that New York does not care for the field of Saratoga or for the Hudson River.

There is undoubtedly in New York the carelessness of a great and heterogeneous community for local traditions. But if the question should be submitted to vote, Shall Niagara be entirely hidden, and its banks completely covered with sheds and mills and every kind of unsightly object, or shall the State remove them, and own and maintain the banks, so that the great spectacle may remain always free and open to the people of the State and of the country? there is no doubt what the response would be. The Legislature need have no doubt of the hearty approval of the people of the State for favorable action upon the report. Both in the Niagara and the Adirondack proposal it may trust confidently the recommendations of most capable and disinterested citizens. The failure of the reservation would be the disgrace of the State.

ENGLAND IN THE SOUDAN.

THE British situation in Egypt is very grave. Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. LEONARD COURTENAY, two of the ablest and most aggressive of the radical Liberals, protest against the further prosecution of the Soudan campaign as criminal folly, and denounce it as a policy of vengeance and inhumanity. They are supported by a significant part of the English country press, and they are as savagely attacked by some of the Liberal papers. Meanwhile enormous military preparations are pushed forward, and the drain of men and resources promises to be very great. In case of success, permanent British occupation of the Soudan would seem to be impracticable, and in case of defeat, the disaster would be incalculable. Yet abandonment of the country now would hardly be tolerated by English opinion, and, if practicable, would result in the most serious consequences. It is a situation which requires for its happy solution the utmost sagacity and self-possession.

England is in the Soudan because of her vast moneyed interests in Egypt. To save those interests she sustained the Egyptian government, and as that government is threatened by the Mahdi in the Soudan, the defense of English residents and of English interests requires English support. English abandonment of Egypt would involve enormous bloodshed, the control of the Suez Canal, the sacrifice of legitimate English interests, and the loss of British prestige, with all its consequences, throughout the East. No Government would lightly assume the responsibility of such consequences. The situation must be dealt with exactly as it is, and not as it might have been. To avenge the death of General GORDON or of any other leader, however justly eminent and however cruelly slain, is not a fit object for a great campaign. But to withstand the onset of fanatical barbarism upon civilization may be the highest duty.

This is the serious plea which is urged in England for the recapture of Khartoom. The opposition to it, however, is certainly not poltroonery, as some of the more furious journals allege. The difference is one of judgment. If England should now attempt to leave the Soudan and Egypt, the consequences would be such as Mr. MORLEY and Mr. COURTENAY and their friends would themselves deplore and condemn. Is it their position that England should abandon all territory except the British Isles? and if so, how would they justify its occupation of them? Wanton British war upon other states and people is very different from the defense of British citizens resident in foreign countries, and of honest interests legitimately acquired in them. The trouble in Egypt has been inadequate preparation. Energy, ample preparation, and rapidity of movement would have saved British lives and interests. Mr. Gladstone says that ultimately the British will withdraw. But the pressing question is, what shall be done in the mean time?

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Elsewhere in this paper a friendly hand commemorates the career and service of President Arthur. The writer truly says that Mr. Arthur retires with the general regard of the country, and even party malice and hostility "speak him fair." His nomination as Vice-President was received with some surprise, and his possible succession to the Presidency, when General Garfield was shot, was unquestionably contemplated with some apprehension. But his conduct during the long illness of the President was so patriotic and wise that it inspired great confidence. Had he been a restless, scheming, ambitious man, or had he listened to imprudent counsels, the results would have been most serious.

The conservative good sense which distinguished him at that time has marked his administration, and he has grown steadily in the good opinion of the country. His course has indeed alienated some old political friends, and disappointed some mercenary intriguers. But it has commanded general approval, and has shown so much intelligence and tact that the occasional inconsistencies are the more surprising.

His honest enforcement of the Civil Service Reform Act has been of signal benefit to the reform—a fact which is not affected by his occasional indifference and hostility to its spirit and purpose. The foreign policy of the administration in its tranquillity and freedom from sensationalism has been most acceptable to the country. Coming into his great office suddenly and under the most difficult and painful circumstances, he retires from it with dignity, with honor, and with the respect of his fellow-citizens.

DR. DAMROSCH.

Dr. Damrosch died in the moment of his great victory. He had served the public faithfully and effectively, as every man does who cultivates and develops musical taste and promotes refined recreation, and his most striking service was his last. In a city where opera and opera-singers have been recklessly squandered, and every fresh season was a more desperate and mercenary and abortive raid upon the purse, he has shown that the highest success lies in intelligence, skill, and respect for the art, its composers, and interpreters.

As Mr. Henry Irving has shown us how plays should be set upon the stage and acted, with what care and knowledge and thought of detail and constant regard for symmetry and proportion, so Dr. Damrosch in his last enterprise has shown that the same qualities displayed in the production of great musical dramatic works will produce the same happy results. His career is familiar to New York. His knowledge of music, his enthusiasm for it, his diligence and devotion and gifts as a conductor, soon brought him into a prominence which he never lost, and his success in organizing and conducting the German opera at the Metropolitan was very gratifying to every one who had watched his course and who felt how justly his crown was earned.

His sudden death touched the community deeply, but did not dismay nor disconcert the intrepid artist. His last words were directions concerning the work in which he was engaged, careful of its interests to the end. To the actual service rendered by him as a conductor of musical societies there is added that of his simple and devoted character, and his unwearied diligence in the discharge of duty. Such men are benefactors also, and they should not cease from among us without the recognition of their enduring service.

A BAFFLED TRICK.

The defeat of the bill to place General Grant upon the retired list of the army is greatly to be regretted, and it certainly can not be regarded as the end of the effort to make suitable provision for one who has rendered such inestimable services to the country, and who has fallen into misfortune. The wretched game by which the bill was defeated is not creditable to those who were chiefly concerned. Provision for General Grant was made the pretense of a movement to force the President into a dilemma, and despite the profuse praises of General Grant in which the leaders of the movement indulged, their insincerity was proved by the circumstances.

President Arthur vetoed the Fitz-John Porter bill upon the ground that it was merely a useless suggestion or an attempted interference with Executive discretion. The first bill prepared by Mr. Edmunds for the retirement of General Grant was thought to be open to the objection which the President had raised against the Porter bill, and to save him from a disagreeable alternative, which might result in the veto of the bill, a second bill was prepared, which the Democratic Senators generously supported. If the intention of the House was to place General Grant honorably on the retired list, here was the opportunity. The Senate bill could be taken up and passed. As this course was not taken in the House, it is evident that General Grant was not the chief consideration.

Instead of substituting the second Edmunds bill for the first, the House insisted upon taking up the bill which would force the President into a dilemma. When the object of such action, which was transparent enough, was distinctly stated, the reply was made that the supporters of the second bill were as good friends of General Grant as anybody. This, however, was an empty assertion, for had they been friendly to General Grant they would certainly have adopted the bill upon which there could be universal agreement. The leaders of the majority in the House did not honestly aim to provide for General Grant, but endeavored to "hit" the President, and they are responsible for delaying justice to the man whose patriotic services to the country are most illustrious. A more paltry game, involving the national feeling, has not been lately played. But we trust that it merely defers the action which the bill of Mr. Edmunds contemplates, and that, despite the arts of small politicians and the remarkable rules of the House, the wish of the country to see satisfactory provision made for General Grant will be carried out by the next Congress.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ARCHIVES.

We recently quoted a statement from a Detroit paper to the effect that the Revolutionary records in the State Department were not so carefully kept or so readily accessible to students as they should be. The statement, however, was apparently ill considered. The Revolutionary archives have been guarded with the greatest care since the organization of the State Department in 1789. They are generally bound in substantial volumes, and they are kept under lock and key, in cases made for them.

The various series of public and private documents and letters are catalogued and indexed, but they are not calendered with a particularity which will at once supply the special facts which may be demanded. But the Department spares no labor to answer all reasonable inquiries. It is obvious that a proper regard for the safety of the manuscripts does not permit a mere curious handling of them, although some of the Washington or Franklin documents are daily shown to visitors.

The enforcement of the reasonable rules may possibly have seemed in some instances to be unreasonable, and so have occasioned the statement, which, however, in the form in which it appeared, certainly demanded attention in the interest of the due care of such valuable manuscripts.

TO PREVENT THE SALE OF JUDGESHIPS.

The committee of the Union League Club approves the bill of Mr. Holmes to protect judges against political assessments as the price of their election, and to prevent candidates from making competitive bids for the office of judge. It prohibits all direct or indirect solicitation for any kind of contribution of money or property from any person holding the office of judge in the courts named in the bill, or from any person who is a nominee or candidate for election to such judgeships.

The propriety of such a law is obvious, but the necessity of it shows how deep and wide is the taint of this particular form of corruption. It is notorious that men otherwise honorable and reputable have practically paid for their nomination and election to the bench, under the form of contributing for necessary election expenses. No account of such expenses is generally rendered by party or political committees, and one of the good services of the Independent Republican movement at the late election was the detailed statement of receipts and expenses published by the Independent committees.

Mr. Holmes's bill is part of the movement for honester politics which is the most striking fact of the present political situation. That movement has already gone far enough to show the stupidity of the assertion, by which every wretched abuse is defended, that it is inevitable in a system of government by party. This is the plea which is advanced to justify every form of corruption, and it must be constantly exposed and baffled if government by party is to secure popular liberty and honest administration.

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The news of the death of Mrs. Lowell in London will be received with profound sorrow by a very large circle of friends. A prolonged illness in Spain of the most malignant character had greatly enfeebled her, and although recently in England she seemed to have regained vigor, the sudden and fatal seizure showed how delusive was the appearance of restored health. Mrs. Lowell was a woman of singularly dignified and beautiful character, of reserved but charming manner, and of great accomplishment. She had been necessarily much withdrawn from society by her illness, and her death closes in the most mournful manner, and amid the sincerest sympathy for his unspeakable loss, the unprecedentedly brilliant foreign career of her husband.

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FELLOW-SOLDIERS.

General Grant states distinctly that he has never intentionally reflected upon the courage or zeal of General Alexander McCook or of his corps at the battle of Shiloh, as has been asserted. General McCook himself has felt obliged to allude to the matter, and General Grant has made a frank and complete disclaimer. No such charge, indeed, was likely to be made by any one, for the peculiar designation of the Ohio General and his brothers and cousin was "the fighting McCooks."

Amid all his own just distinctions General Grant has certainly shown no disposition to depreciate the honorable and illustrious services of other soldiers, his companions in arms. He speaks and writes always directly to the point, and expresses his opinion openly and unequivocally.

This trait is most happily shown in the letter which Mr. Nast illustrated in the last Weekly, and which is in happy contrast with the furious endeavors to perpetuate an animosity which can only perplex and delay the settlement of every question left by the war. The Fresno Camp of Blue and Gray Veterans had inclosed to General Grant a copy of their resolutions favoring his retirement, and in reply he says: "Coming as it does from an association composed of veterans of both armies in the great sectional contest, the compliment is greater. I hope the fraternity practiced by the veterans of Fresno may be patterned after by all the citizens of our country before many years roll over." Certainly it is only by the cultivation of a spirit of honorable fraternity and mutual intelligence that the difficult problems which yet remain can be solved.

PERSONAL.

A party of six left this city a week ago for a short visit to Niagara Falls. They staid at that scene of beauty about four hours, and meantime were driven in a sleigh to the Rapids, Prospect Park, Goat Island, and the other regulation resorts. During that brief period they were compelled to pay in tolls $19 50. On the return trip a unanimous vote was taken in favor of the scheme to establish a national park at Niagara Falls.

—Dr. McCosh wants a fund of $50,000 to increase the salaries of certain professors in Princeton College. He will probably get it. No college President was ever more successful in raising funds, yet his boast has always been that he never asked for a dollar.

—Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, of California, proposes to found a magnificent university at Palo Alto, in that State, with colleges for young men and women, and high schools for girls and boys; also an institution which shall do for San Francisco what the Cooper Union is doing for New York.

—President-elect Cleveland is constantly receiving letters from "cranks" of various sorts, and the development of this species of lunatics is a matter with which most high officials are conversant long before the newspapers get hold of individual cases. "Once in four years," he said recently, "5,000,000 people set to writing letters, and this time I am getting them."

—An old army surgeon who was with General Grant a good deal during the war says that he never but once heard him use any word which could be called profane, and that was "dog on it." The General used to say that he kept a staff officer to do the swearing for him when occasion required.

—"When I am correcting the proofs of any of my writings," said the late M. Edmond About, "if I come to a sentence, or even a word, which I should not like my daughters to read, I at once strike it out." The elder Dumas used to maintain that some of his works were fit reading for his wife, but not for his daughters.

—Mr. John Bright to his constituents: "Cast your eye back for a moment upon the reign of the Queen. Do you imagine the reign of the Queen is remarkably a reign of peace, and that Heaven should be thanked for the long peace that we have enjoyed? How much peace have you enjoyed? A great many other people, at your cost, have not enjoyed it. Three wars with China, the most peaceful empire in the world; a war with Burmah; I know not how many wars in South Africa even before the Zulu war; a war in the Crimea of the greatest proportions; two Afghan wars, in one of which not less than 60,000 camels died of hunger, thirst, and over-labor; another war in Egypt; and I assert that it was not possible for anybody to form, I will not say a just defense, but a reasonable excuse, for the wars that have been waged by this country during the reign of the Queen."

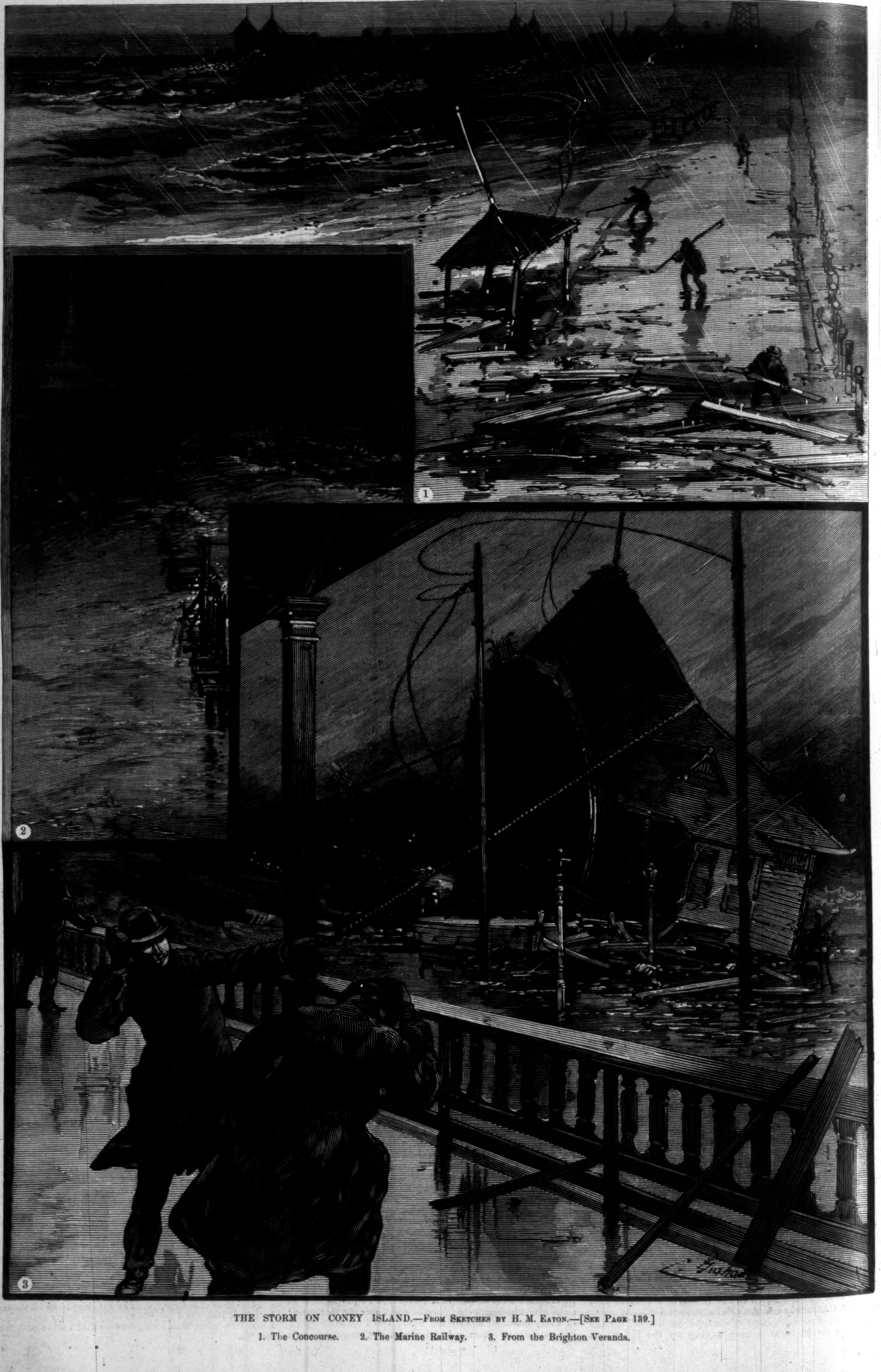
—While going through the Tuileries after the Empress Eugénie's precipitate flight to England, Count Hérisson found on her desk the following dispatch: "To the Emperor: Do not think of returning here unless you wish to unchain a terrible revolution. This is the opinion of Rouher and Chevreau, whom I saw to-day. It would be said that you fled from danger. Don't forget how Prince Napoleon's departure from the Crimean army has weighed against him all his life.—Eugénie." The Emperor did not disregard his wife's advice.

—Mr. Thomas Nast gave a unique entertainment at Princeton, not long ago, to an audience composed of the faculty and the under-graduate body, with many citizens. The uniqueness of the entertainment consisted in the introduction of the element of "interviewing." The interviewer of the occasion, Mr. Pelham, put a series of questions, which the artist answered both verbally and graphically. The graphic answers took the forms of landscape, portraiture, and caricature, and were delivered with a rapidity that astonished the audience. The last picture was drawn upside down, and the subject was not detected by the audience until it was reversed. It was a "good-night," and represented the artist ready for bed, with a candle in hand. After the lecture the Cliographic Society gave Mr. Nast a reception and elected him an honorary member. During his stay he was the guest of the venerable President, Dr. McCosh, who conducted him the next morning through the college buildings.

—St. Andrews University has done itself the honor of conferring the degree of LL.D. upon Andrew Lang. No young man of letters in the United Kingdom is worthier of academic distinction. In addition to his duties as a hard-working journalist, Mr. Lang has found time for historical inquiries that have produced valuable results, for careful criticism, and for several volumes of graceful and ingenious verse. The accurate scholarship of Butcher and Lang's version of the Odyssey may very probably be the work of Mr. Lang's co-laborer, but we can hardly err in attributing to Mr. Lang the literary sense which makes the work an admirable specimen of English prose. The sonnet prefixed to this translation is one of the proofs that Mr. Lang is capable of striking a deeper note in English poetry than is attained in the half-serious verse by which he is best known.

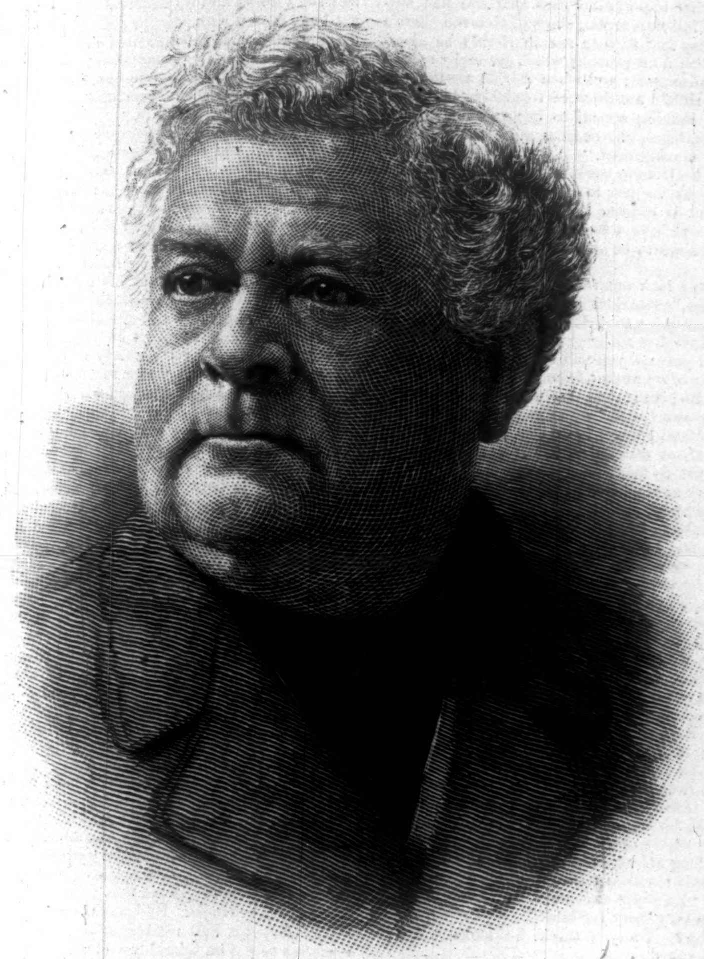
—A love-letter of the seventeenth century, preserved among the MSS. of the British Museum, is as follows: "Deare Heart, I am heartilie sorry that some occasions have hindered mee from coming to see you all this while; I desire you to impute my absence not to want of love but leasure; & I beseech you to bee assured that there lives not a more constant, faithfull and affectionate lover uppon the face of the whole earth than I am, of your most worthie SELFE, whose VERTUE & BEAVTY is such that I haue uerie good cauvse to belejue there liues not a second to bee paralell'd wth you. I haue here sent you a small token, wch I desire you to accept of; I haue allsoe sent you a copie of uerses, made by him who is The admirer & adorer of your djvjne beautje; Henrje Oxinden. Barham: Feb: 26: 1641. An^{o} *Ætat: tuæ*, 17."

—The George Eliot (writes Mr. Edward Dowden, in the *Academy*) who enriched the world with the series of writings from *Scenes of Clerical Life* to *Daniel Deronda* was not Mary Ann Evans, but Mrs. Lewes. A large foundation of study and observation had indeed been laid in early womanhood, but it is doubtful whether without the fostering sympathy and devoted comradeship of her husband we should ever have possessed one of those writings by which George Eliot will be remembered. In her dark solitude after Mr. Lewes's death George Eliot was conscious that her powers were dwindling to decrepitude and sterility; the very power of love and the piety of memory seemed perishing, and loyalty to her past permitted or even enjoined an escape from such a death-in-life as this, if by any means it were possible. Of her second marriage let George Eliot herself speak: "Deep down below there is a hidden river of sadness, but this must always be with those who have lived long, and I am able to enjoy my newly re-opened life. I shall be a better, more loving creature than I could have been in solitude."

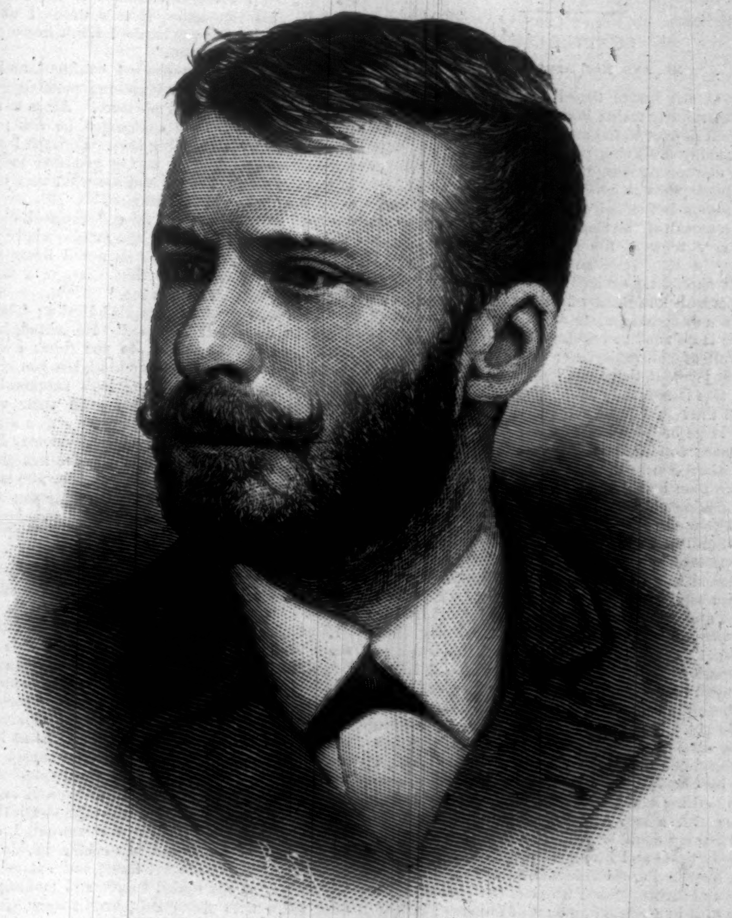


THE STORM ON CONEY ISLAND.—From Sketches by H. M. Eaton.—[See Page 139.]

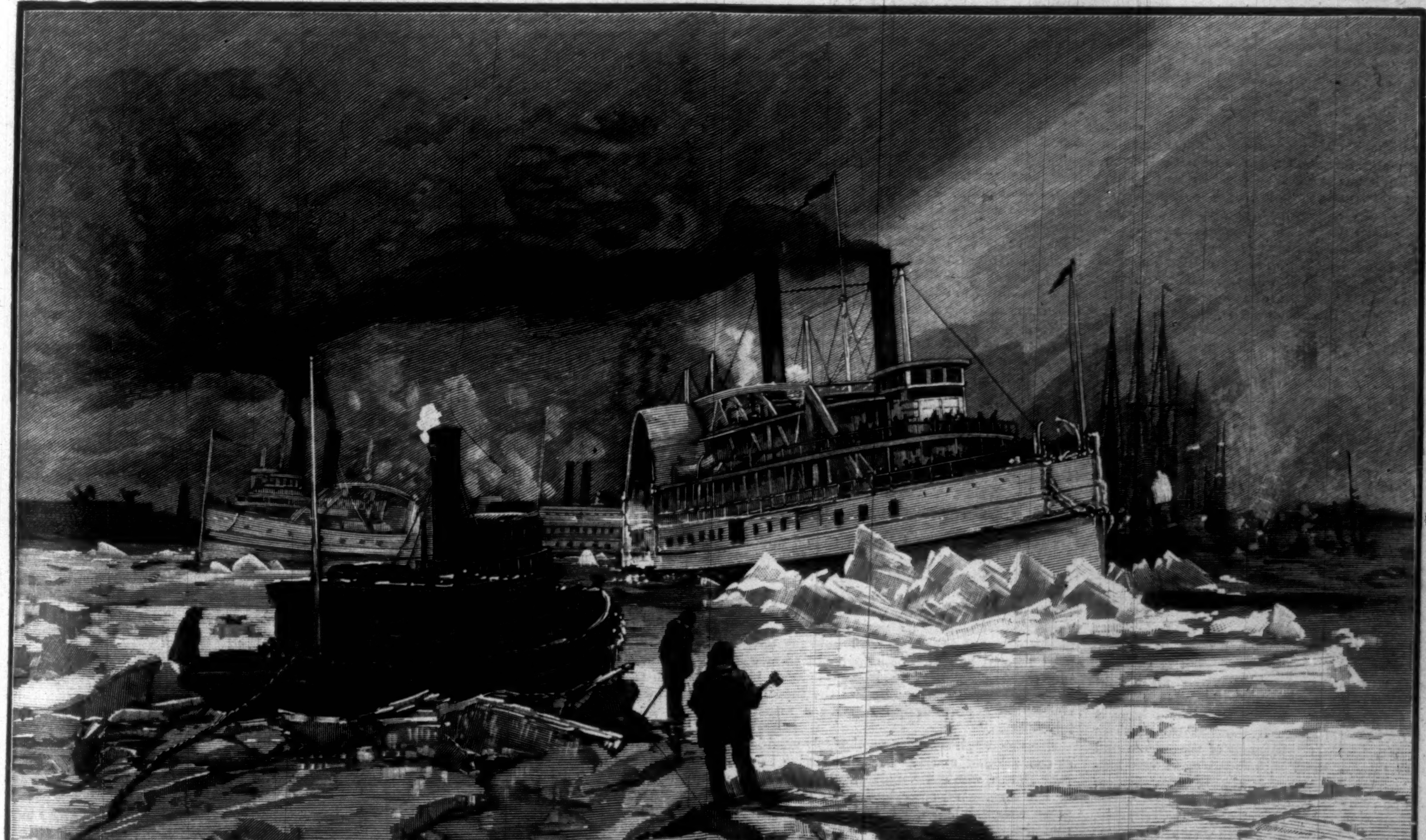
1. The Concourse. 2. The Marine Railway. 3. From the Brighton Veranda.



THE LATE JOHN PARSELLE.—From a Photograph by Falk.—[See Page 142.]



OLIVIER PAIN, "THE MAHDI'S FRENCHMAN."—Photographed by Mora.—[See Page 139.]



THE STORM ON THE SOUND—DELAYED STEAMERS.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 139.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. AND MRS. ADRIAN VIDAL.

IF at any future time it should seem possible to run railway trains between London and Paris without danger to the integrity of the British Empire, many deserving persons will, no doubt, feel that one more scourge has been taken away from existence; but all improvements are apt to bear hard upon individual cases, and it is certain that the removal of the Channel steamers would deal a heavy blow at the prosperity of Folkestone. Why, in this fastidious age, so much enjoyment should be derived from the contemplation of several hundreds of fellow-creatures in a most unbecoming state of physical degradation, there is no need to inquire—human nature being so full of contradictions; but as to the fact of the enjoyment, there can hardly be two opinions; and this is naturally intensified by a strong wind from the S.S.W., meeting the tide, and an unusually large boat-load of victims.

These conditions being satisfactorily fulfilled one afternoon in the late autumn, the visitors to Folkestone had descended from their heights in formidable numbers, and had ranged themselves on either side of that *via dolorosa* which is but too familiar to most of us. Between the lines of spectators the draggled and forlorn passengers hastened onward, some with a ghastly pretense of jauntiness; others darting furious glances to right and left; others, again, too crushed by the memory of their calamities to care who saw them or what they looked like; and as the melancholy procession filed past, those who watched it exchanged comments of a derisive nature, and were as happy as so many inhuman Spaniards at a bull-fight. But in any spectacle there are sure to be some component parts which will disappoint expectation; and upon this occasion, as usual, a few persons insulted the public by walking ashore as if nothing were the matter. Conspicuous among these were a lady and a gentleman of whom no worse thing could be said than that they were obviously bride and bridegroom. This, to be sure, is a humiliating classification to carry about with one, and involves those who can not conceal their title to it in a certain amount of obloquy; still, if one must be detected as a bridegroom, it is something not to be a seasick bridegroom; and doubtless many a bride would be thankful to land upon her native shore with cheeks as rosy as those displayed by Mrs. Adrian Vidal.

The roses deepened slightly in color as fragments of certain half-audible comments reached their owner's ears, and she quickened her pace, whispering to her husband: "Let us get away from these odious people. Are they London shopkeepers out for a holiday, do you think?"

But Vidal, who did not mind being stared at, surveyed the surveyors with a smile, and answered: "No, my dear; judging from their general aspect, I should say that they belonged, almost without exception, to the upper middle classes; and they don't mean to be rude. If you were the Princess of Wales, whom they adore, they would treat you with even less respect. It is the penalty of greatness to attract attention; and when one happens to possess the most beautiful face in the three kingdoms—"

But at this point Mrs. Vidal caught the speaker's arm and hurried him into the shelter of the Pavilion Hotel, without allowing him to finish his sentence. It was she who, upon the principle of draining the cup of pleasure to its dregs, had decided that they should proceed no farther than Folkestone that night. The morrow would restore them to the cares and pleasures of ordinary life; but this last evening of their honeymoon should be spent, as the others had been spent, amid surroundings which suggested no thought of anything save the present.

Those who are in a position to speak authoritatively are fond of affirming that the honey-moon is seldom the happiest period of a man's or woman's life; but possibly Vidal and Clare may have been exceptional persons, for it is certain that their happiness, since the ceremony which had taken place in Polruth church a month before, had known neither cloud nor check. They had visited, somewhat hastily, the cities and watering-places of south-western France, they had dined at *tables d'hôte* hemmed in by phalanxes of their compatriots without addressing a word to any of them, and had not wearied of each other's society, nor of ringing the changes upon an oft-told tale. Now, as the last hours of the last day of irresponsibility drew nigh, Clare would have it that they should resemble those of the previous days, and despite the lateness of the season and the blusterous weather, insisted upon her husband taking her out for a walk after dinner, while he smoked his evening cigar.

"When we are settled in our own home," she said, a little ruefully, "you will have your study where you will smoke, and where I shall not be admitted. Well, sometimes, perhaps—for ten minutes or so, but not more. You know you can't work when any one is in the room; you have often told me so. You have no work to do to-night, though, and no study to work in; so I may keep you all to myself with a quiet conscience."

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Vidal was to be denied that privilege, after all. The down express had just come in, and as our young friends crossed the hall of the hotel they encountered a stream of newly arrived travellers, among whom was a shrunken figure in a fur-lined coat, familiar to both of them.

"Mr. Heriot!" exclaimed Clare; "how glad I am to see you!"

While Vidal called out, "Heriot himself, as I'm a living sinner! Why, man, I thought you were to start for the South six weeks ago!"

"I had to put it off: I have been in the doctor's clutches again," answered Heriot, after he had shaken the hands extended to him; "but I shall cross to-morrow, if all's well. I never thought of meeting you here—I didn't know you meant to return so soon."

His manner was somewhat confused, and it was evident that this unexpected meeting gave him more surprise than pleasure. After a few more words had been exchanged, he said: "I mustn't keep you standing here. Perhaps I may have an opportunity of saying good-bye to you in the morning. I'll go and see what sort of a room they have got for me now."

"You will do no such thing," returned Vidal. "You will come into our sitting-room, where you will find a fire, and where they will bring you your dinner. And after that, Clare will allow you to smoke a cigar with me."

"Thanks, very much," replied Heriot; "but I dined before I left London." He added, in a lower tone, "My dear boy, do you think I have no manners? You are very kind, but you can't possibly want me; and one isn't supposed to recognize people when they are on their wedding trip, is one?"

"I don't know what the supposition may be," said Vidal, "but I know that you are not going to be allowed the chance of cutting our acquaintance. What an unfriendly old beggar you are! Not want you, indeed! Why, Clare and I shall spend our evenings together for the rest of our lives; whereas—"

"Whereas you may never spend another evening with me," interrupted Heriot, with a slight laugh. "Well, there's something in that."

He suffered himself to be led into the sitting-room and installed in an arm-chair beside the fire, though he could not be persuaded to smoke in Mrs. Vidal's presence. The warm atmosphere; the cheerful aspect of the little room, which, although it was as scantily furnished as sitting-rooms in English hotels always are, had at least so much of snugness as a crimson carpet and window-curtains can bestow; the loquacity of the young people, who seemed to be, and indeed were, unaffectedly glad to see him—all these things ended by thawing the unwonted chill which had at first been noticeable in his demeanor. He did not say much, but sat resting his chin upon his folded hands and looking out over them with those soft, bright eyes of his, while Adrian favored him with a narrative of their travels, which Clare interrupted at every other word. The adventures that had befallen them had not, apparently, been of a very startling kind, nor were the little jokes and pleasantries with which they attacked each other from time to time calculated to amuse everybody; but Heriot, whose enjoyment of life was for the most part vicarious, and who was more attached to this couple than to any other two people in the world, was made happy by their innocent happiness, as they knew that he would be, and asked for nothing better than to listen to their talk. He took advantage of a momentary lull to remark,

"And now, I suppose, you are bound for London?"

"Well, yes," answered Vidal, with a slight hesitation. "The Cornish scheme broke down, somehow or other. Mrs. Irvine couldn't find any house that seemed in the least suitable for us; and, after all, London has its advantages, you know. Clare rather thought she would prefer it too; so I went up to have a look, and I was lucky enough to find a very decent little house in Alexandra Gardens. You don't know where that is, of course, and I can't explain; but you go on to the far end of Cromwell Road, and then wander about until somebody tells you. It's a respectable neighborhood, if not exactly aristocratic; and I really think that in many ways it will be better for us both to be within hail of the world."

He seemed a little anxious to make excuses for himself; but Heriot ignored this tendency. "I never believed much in the Cornish scheme," he observed; "and I had a letter not long ago from Mrs. Irvine, in which she told me of the change in your plans. She mentioned that Mrs. Vidal—"

"What have I done that you should address me as Mrs. Vidal?" demanded that lady.

"Well, Clare, then—she mentioned that Clare was in favor of it."

"Of course I was in favor of it," said Clare; "one doesn't marry in order to end one's days in the place of one's birth. I held my tongue until mamma had wearied herself out with seeking for houses, because it would have been useless to speak sooner; but all the time I was concealing a deep design beneath a mask of indifference."

She was not, however, a particularly good hand at concealment, and she did not contrive to mislead Heriot, who quite understood the true state of the case. With her husband, she had been more successful. Vidal had never suspected that she was making any sacrifice in yielding to certain unexpressed and only half-formed wishes of his; he thought it very natural that she should desire to see more of the world, and was glad that she had that desire; although, if she had urged it, he would have consented to take up his residence in Cornwall without pulling wry faces. As a matter of fact, Clare dreaded the proximity of the fashionable world, but was ashamed of her fears. It may have been in some degree because she was ashamed of them that she had expressed herself so strongly as to the attractions of the metropolis; but she had been actuated chiefly by a generous wish to give Adrian what he wanted, without putting him to the inconvenience of asking for it.

Mrs. Irvine had proved unexpectedly tractable; but indeed that excellent lady was seldom anything else, if taken in the right way and at the right time. Tired of surveying country houses, to which some insuperable objection was always discovered, and beginning to lament over the many other important duties that she had suffered to fall into arrear, she had received Clare's suggestion that further search should be abandoned with faint protests which gradually melted into acquiescence; and when Adrian assured her that he should not think of furnishing his house without making appeal to her valuable advice and experience, she became quite reconciled to the new arrangement.

"We shall set to work to buy tables and chairs as soon as we get to London," Clare went on. "Mamma is coming up to help us, and poor Adrian will have a bad time of it, I am afraid; but we hope to be settled down before Christmas."

"I must look out for rugs and embroidery at Damascus," remarked Heriot. "Did I tell you that I was going to Syria this winter? If I come across anything really good, I will dispatch it to you, and perhaps you will deign to accept it as a reminder of an absent friend."

"Oh no; you must keep your pretty things for your own house," said Clare.

And Vidal chimed in: "I think we have accepted about enough as it is. Our tables and chairs, not to mention our carpets and curtains and other necessaries, will be your wedding present, you know, Heriot."

He had had some qualms of conscience about that thousand-pound check, and felt an embarrassment in speaking of it which was more than shared by its donor, who took no notice of the allusion, but said, hastily, in answer to Clare: "My house is as full as it can hold already. I gave up attempting to beautify it years ago. Besides, I have nobody to share the delight of contemplating fresh acquisitions with me; and you can not imagine, until you have tried it, how uninteresting it is to buy presents for one's self. In the East one simply can't help making purchases: it is one of the occupations of the day; and if you won't oblige me by taking some of my surplus stock off my hands, the only result will be that it will be pounced upon by somebody else, and used for decorating a drawing-room which I shall probably never enter."

Not long after this he wished his entertainers good-night; and as soon as the door had closed behind him, Clare exclaimed, "Poor Mr. Heriot! I am so very sorry for him!"

"Why? Do you think he looks worse?" Adrian asked.

"No, I don't know that he does; but his is such a sad, lonely life. Adrian," she added, drawing a little nearer to her husband, "I think I am sorry for everybody who is not married."

"One may be sorry for poor old Heriot without allowing one's compassion to take quite so wide a sweep as that," remarked Vidal. "If he felt the want of a wife, I have no doubt he could find plenty of people ready and willing to marry him; for he is very well off."

"Oh, a wife who would marry him for the sake of his money—very likely he could. Well, it only shows that money has not much to do with happiness, after all. Poor as we are, I don't want to change places with anybody, do you?"

Vidal made the reply that was expected of him. He was absolutely contented, and said so a dozen times a day. The present was perfect happiness; the future seemed full of the brightest promise; if one of the newly married pair felt some sinking of the heart when London drew its sooty veil over their heads, Adrian was not that one. He was pleased with everything—pleased to be back among the familiar streets; pleased with the lodgings which Mrs. Irvine had engaged as a temporary abode for him; pleased also, it may be (though he did not say so), at her announcement that she herself was domiciled at a hotel in the neighborhood.

"I might have had rooms in the same house," she whispered, confidentially; "but I wouldn't take them. Arrangements of that kind are always dangerous, and especially so at a time like this. Only the other day I heard of such a sad case—two young people agreeing to an amicable separation because they had fallen out about the drawing-room paper; and it seems that they might have made friends again if it had not been for the mother-in-law, who most injudiciously took her daughter's part."

"I don't think there is much danger of such a catastrophe in our case," said Vidal, laughing; but Mrs. Irvine rejoined gravely that one could never tell, and that it was best to be on the safe side.

"I hope," said she, "that if you notice any inclination on my part to thrust my views about furniture upon you, you will check it at once."

Vidal promised that he would do so, but did not keep his promise. His views with regard to upholstery were of the modern order, and were so absolutely certain to differ from those of his mother-in-law that he judged it wisest to efface himself from the outset and intrust all details to Clare, whose taste was good, if not educated up to the most recent artistic standard. This self-abnegation did not go wholly unrewarded; for the furnishing of the house in Alexandra Gardens was eventually accomplished at a cost infinitely smaller than its master had ventured to anticipate. Moreover, Mr. Irvine, who had been brought up to London in consideration of his special knowledge, proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him, and picked up some bargains in Wardour Street and elsewhere which were greatly admired in after-days by persons qualified to give an opinion about such matters.

In the mean time Clare was growing accustomed to the smoky atmosphere of a large city, and was spending her time after a fashion which very few women have ever yet failed to find agreeable. The greater part of each day was passed at the upholsterer's; and in the evenings her husband generally took her to the theatre, which was delightful. She would gladly have prolonged this pleasant interim, during which she had few visitors and no household cares, had she not been moved with pity for poor Adrian, whose literary labors had to be carried on in a dark little dining-room on the ground-floor, where he was exposed to perpetual interruption, and who bore this discomfort with a cheerfulness which she could not sufficiently admire.

At length, the list of necessary purchases being exhausted, and there being nothing further to be done but to await the good pleasure of dilatory tradesmen, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine returned home; and then a duty which had been too long delayed had to be performed. Mrs. Vidal the elder had not received the news of her son's approaching marriage in a congratulatory spirit, nor had she thought fit to be present at his wedding. Her health, she had averred, precluded her from undertaking so long a journey, and although she had been guilty of no overt incivility to the Irvine family, it was pretty clearly understood by them that she was not eager to make their acquaintance. To Adrian she had written a formal little note, advising him of the dispatch of four salt-cellars to his address, as a wedding gift, and regretting that her straitened circumstances made it impossible for her to be as liberal as she would have desired to be upon these occasions. Poverty, she added, was generally considered a disagreeable thing. Apparently, he did not think so. She hoped he would never see reason to change his opinion.

Since the receipt of this sympathetic missive Adrian had only heard from his mother once, when she had requested him to bring his bride to Brighton on a three days' visit as soon as he could spare time to do so. She would not think of asking him to remain longer than that in her dull house, she said, being well aware how few attractions she was able to offer.

There was nothing for it but to comply with so modest and reasonable a request; but Vidal put off doing so as long as he could, and took the train for Brighton at last with more trepidation than he would have cared to own to. He knew that Mrs. Vidal would be prejudiced against her daughter-in-law; he knew that when she was prejudiced against a person she was often spiteful to that person, and sometimes extremely rude; and he shrewdly suspected that Clare would not stand much rudeness. He himself, having a horror of disputes and recriminations, had always managed to get on tolerably well with his mother by the simple expedient of allowing her to say whatever she pleased; but his sister, whose temper was quicker, had not been equally fortunate, and it happened to him more than once to be an agonized spectator of scenes which he had no desire to see repeated in his wife's case. Therefore, between London and Brighton, he endeavored by various hints to prepare Clare for possible contingencies.

"My mother is rather odd in some ways; it isn't everybody who takes to her; but, after all, she is my mother, you know. Sometimes she says things that people don't like; but if you don't notice them she generally stops; and anything is better than having a row—don't you think so? For three days one can put up with a good deal. And she doesn't really mean to be disagreeable."

From these and other similar phrases, Clare gathered that Mrs. Vidal did mean to be disagreeable, and would be disagreeable; but the prospect did not dismay her. For Adrian's sake she would have submitted to many worse things than the scolding of a shrewish old woman, such as she imagined Mrs. Vidal to be, and she determined to accept any and every insult that might be offered to her without retaliating.

When she saw the tall, dark woman who had preserved a certain youthfulness of figure, and whose voice had something of the ring of Adrian's, though her features and coloring were so unlike his, she was agreeably disappointed. Mrs. Vidal, if not very affectionate, was far from being insulting. Adrian had told the truth, while supposing that he was doing quite the contrary, when he had said that she did not mean to be disagreeable. After her peculiar fashion she was fond of her son, and looked forward to his visits more than she would have acknowledged, or than any one who knew her would have imagined. She did her best to make this visit pleasant to her guests, whom she treated more like strangers than near relatives; she put her brougham at their disposal, excusing herself from leaving the house on the plea of ill health, though there was nothing in the world the matter with her; and during their stay she gave two dinner parties, to which she invited the *élite* of her acquaintance. At these festivities Clare attracted much notice and admiration, and was so fortunate as to earn the good opinion of her mother-in-law.

"I think your marriage was an imprudent one," the latter took occasion to remark to Adrian; "but setting prudence aside, you are to be congratulated. Your wife is decidedly distinguished."

"Thanks, mother; I was sure you would think so," said Adrian, who had not been at all sure of any such thing, and was greatly pleased by this unexpected compliment. "And she is as beautiful as she is distinguished; you will allow that?"

"She is pretty, certainly; but her good looks chiefly concern you. It is more important that she should be a lady. And she is a lady."

"Well, yes; I think she may claim to be a lady," answered Adrian, laughing a little. "If she had not been a lady, I should hardly have married her."

"No?" said Mrs. Vidal, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows. "I did not know that you considered that essential."

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

It was not in the poor woman's nature to be gracious. The world had gone ill with her—or she fancied that it had gone ill—and possibly she may not have desired that the world should go too well with her neighbors. She was not conscious of wishing them any harm; she was not conscious of caring much about them one way or the other; but a sort of misguided instinct, which she was unable to resist, led her to hit upon the speeches that were most likely to cause them annoyance. Thus, she profited by an opportunity which offered, the same day, to say to Clare: "I hope you are a good manager. Adrian will not be of much assistance to you in money matters, I am afraid."

"I dare say we shall contrive to get on," Clare replied.

"That is exactly what he would say. He always thinks that he will get on somehow; but unfortunately the fact remains that there are only twenty shillings in a pound. You must have noticed how sanguine and impulsive Adrian is. He gives himself what he wants at the moment, and doesn't trouble about consequences. Look at your engagement and marriage, for example—an affair of six months! As I was telling him this morning, he has been fortunate, in my opinion; but it does seem to have been rather sudden."

"I suppose it does," said Clare, determined not to be annoyed.

"Yes; and of course it is no disparagement to you to say that he ran a considerable risk by being in such a hurry. But that is just his way. Ever since he left school he has been in love with somebody or other."

"He has never married before, though," remarked Clare, smiling, and endeavoring not to show how distasteful this assertion as to her husband's past life was to her.

"No, very true; and perhaps marriage may steady him. I am sure I hope it will."

"I don't think he has ever been unsteady," Clare said.

"Oh, not in the way of being what people call 'wild.' Still, one can't help remembering that you are not his first flame; and that makes one fancy that, perhaps— However, I have no doubt he will make a very good husband, as husbands go, if he is properly managed. I would not be too strict with him, if I were you. What men of his stamp like is to have all pecuniary bothers taken off their hands, to be allowed plenty of liberty, and to have a good dinner provided for them every day. I don't say that this is justifiable, or quite fair upon their wives; but we must take the world as we find it, and it is the more to be wished that one of you should be able to face facts, because it is certain that the other never will."

Such a system of philosophy was hardly likely to find favor in the eyes of any bride. Clare told herself that her mother-in-law's words were prompted solely by ill-nature, and merited nothing but contempt; yet she often recalled them afterward—as indeed we all recall the speeches that hurt us most—and even at the time she was uncomfortably conscious that their cynicism had an admixture of truth in it. It is unquestionably true that most men like their dinner to be well cooked, and it is perhaps pardonable in some men—in geniuses especially—to shirk the worries attendant upon domestic expenditure. That much Clare was willing to concede; but what was meant by plenty of liberty? She knew very well that there was a certain kind of liberty which she could never be capable of allowing to her husband. She did not, however, give utterance to her thoughts, but merely said, with a slight intonation of displeasure,

"I am sorry you think so badly of Adrian."

Mrs. Vidal stared. "I don't think badly of him," she answered; "he is not bad—only a little flighty. I see him as he is, that is all. Perhaps I can judge of my children more dispassionately than most mothers, because I have no personal influence over them. Their father chose to make them independent of me in his will, and they have always been allowed to follow their own devices—or, rather, have insisted upon following them. My daughter Georgina, as I dare say you know, is by way of being a strong-minded woman, and travels about the world all by herself."

"She is in the South Sea Islands now, is she not?" asked Clare, glad to change the subject.

"She was when I last heard from her. I believe she means to write a book on her return, if she ever returns; but it would not surprise me in the least to hear that she had married a native chief. She has had several chances, which she has thought proper to despise, of marrying well in this country; but, judging by her appearance when she came back from her last journey into the interior of Zanzibar, nobody is likely to ask her again. A more deplorable object I never beheld. Mere skin and bone! and such a complexion that I really thought at first she must have been staining her face with walnut juice in order to pass herself off as a Hottentot. Speaking from a rational point of view, Georgina ought to have married and Adrian ought to have remained single; but just the reverse has happened, you see."

Upon the whole, Clare was not sorry to turn her back upon Brighton, and could not quite agree with Adrian when he declared that their visit had been a triumphant success.

"Then we must beware of repeating it, lest we should go away less triumphant next time," she said.

At this he laughed, and answered that it would probably be some months before they received another invitation. "My mother has done her duty, and so have we. As for pleasure, we don't arrange meetings with that object in our family."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

At the beginning of his speech nominating **John Sherman** for President in the Republican National Convention of 1880, General **Garfield**, appealing to the cooler judgment of the Convention from the excitement into which it had been thrown by preceding speakers, said: "I have seen the sea lashed with fury and tossed with spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured." In closing he said of his candidate: "I do not claim for his hand the touch of magic; least of all would I claim for him the doubtful talent of pyrotechnics; but I do claim that he in the administration of public affairs would give us the most precious gift that we could ask—absolute safety to all the great and varied interests of the land. His administration would afford the most absolute safety to all our industries, and it would afford the same absolute safety to the humblest citizen appealing for his rights. It is such a man, in the era of peace and for the purposes of peace, a statesman in the very best sense of the word, that we would put at the helm of state."

It is President **Arthur**'s good fortune—and an experience very rare in our political history—that at the expiration of his term he need not wait any subsidence of the billows for that calm level from which his own fame and the merits of his administration may be measured. Still more is he fortunate in the circumstance that in the measurement from this calm level, by the almost universal judgment of his fellow-citizens, he and his administration realize perfectly the ideal portrayed in the above quotation.

The conditions surrounding President **Arthur**'s youth were not such as the young men of the present day would deem agreeable or prosperous, but they proved fortunate for him, since they favored the development of his strong, symmetrical, and self-reliant character. From his father, a Baptist clergyman born in Ireland, graduated from Belfast University, and settled in Vermont, he inherited, with an earnest love of justice and profound hatred for all forms of oppression, a strenuousness of will and strength of purpose which led him at the beginning of his professional practice to brave hostile public sentiment and the bitterness of color and caste prejudice, in the defense of the slave and the championship of the despised negro. At his father's knee the foundation of his education was so well and broadly laid that when graduated from Union College, at the age of eighteen, in the class of 1849, he was among the first six scholars in a class of over one hundred members.

In 1853, having been admitted to the bar, and become a member of the law firm of **Culver, Parker, & Arthur**, in this city, he distinguished himself by zeal and ability in the famous **Lemmon** slave cases. In 1855 he secured a verdict against the Fourth Avenue Railroad Company in favor of a colored woman who had been ejected from one of the company's cars under a rule forbidding the use of them to colored people. By this decision of the courts the street railroad companies were compelled to rescind the obnoxious rule, and admit colored people to equal privileges with the whites. With his antecedents and training, and this short but significant professional record, it was not strange that in the political crystallization which made such rapid progress in the period between 1854 and 1856 Mr. **Arthur** was found active and prominent. He was among the founders, one of the charter members, of the Republican party. As a Whig, in 1852, he had been inspector of elections in his ward. As a Republican, in 1856, he was one of the most active members of the Young Men's Vigilance Committee. Here he became acquainted with **Edwin D. Morgan**, afterward Governor and United States Senator, then one of the most enthusiastic workers for **Fremont**. It was upon his personal knowledge of Mr. **Arthur**'s business capacity, his fidelity and thorough integrity, that Governor **Morgan** afterward appointed him, first as Engineer-in-Chief on his staff, and later State Quartermaster-General. It is largely due to his admirable management, his skill and tact, his excellent judgment, fertility of resource, and readiness for emergencies, that the State was enabled to send to the front 690,000 men, nearly one-fifth of the entire army. It is worthy of note in this connection that in a period when temptations to speculate upon the necessities of the government abounded, and large fortunes were made upon government contracts, Mr. **Arthur**, occupying a position which offered the most alluring opportunities for self-aggrandizement, kept himself above the shadow of suspicion, and left the office poorer than when he entered it.

Retiring from the office of Quartermaster-General upon the accession of a Democratic State administration in 1864, he resumed the practice of his profession. He held for a short time the office of counsel to the city Department of Taxes and Assessments, but resigned it rather than submit to Tammany dictation. In 1871 he formed the well-known law firm of **Arthur, Phelps, Knevals, & Ransom**. In November of that year, at the urgent solicitation of President **Grant**, he accepted the office of Collector of Customs of the Port of New York. The same qualities which had brought him success in other positions contributed to the efficiency and popularity of his administration of this office.

Collector **Arthur** and Surveyor **Alonzo B. Cornell** were removed from office in 1877 for alleged disobedience of the general order of President **Hayes** forbidding Federal office-holders from active participation in politics. This action disturbed the relations and changed the current of Republican politics. Mr. **Cornell** was nominated for Governor by the Republicans in 1879, General **Arthur** being chairman of the Republican State Committee. It is now an open secret that the plans of the dominant wing of the party at that time included the election of General **Arthur** to the United States Senate in 1881. In 1880 this wing favored the nomination of General **Grant** for President. When, after a sharp contest, General **Garfield** was nominated, his friends, anxious to conciliate the supporters of **Grant**, besought General **Arthur** to accept the second place upon the ticket. His most intimate friend, Senator **Conkling**, advised him against it, for the reason that the election of the ticket was extremely doubtful, and, if elected, the place was an unimportant one, with a four years' tenure, while, on the other hand, there was a reasonable certainty of his election as United States Senator by the next Legislature, with a six years' term and probable continuance in office. General **Arthur** fully comprehended the situation. It was in the spirit of sacrifice that he accepted, and immediately put heart and hand into the work of electing the ticket.

The harmonious conditions he had been so largely instrumental in bringing about were suddenly interrupted, in the first month of the new administration, by the changes in the Federal offices in this city. The two Senators resigned, and went to the Legislature for re-election. The dominant party was plunged into factional strife, and the President and Vice-President were no longer in accord. Presently, in these conditions, the assassin's pistol rang another sharp and sudden change. From that moment the Vice-President put behind him all causes of difference; every other feeling was absorbed in his horror of the crime and his sympathy with the stricken victim. It was an occasion that must unavoidably reveal the depths of a man's character. At a time when faction was in the ascendant, when partisanship was intense and bitter, when popular passion was re-enforced by public grief, and the atmosphere was surcharged with censoriousness and uncharity, the Vice-President bore himself with a dignity of demeanor and sense of responsibility that challenged the respect of his opponents, while the manifest sincerity with which he united in the general mourning at the nation's bereavement commanded sympathetic regard.

No President ever entered office under such tremendous disadvantages as President **Arthur** encountered upon his accession. Gravely and seriously, not as leader of a faction, or survivor of a controversy, but as one intrusted with great power and conscious of vast responsibilities, he addressed himself to his new duties. Forgetting faction and divesting himself of partisanship, without deserting his friends or sacrificing principle, he made it his chief endeavor to restore harmony and confidence to the country. The careful student of the history of his time will accord him the distinction of having achieved this object in the face of obstacles that seemed insurmountable. At the close of his term he retires from office enjoying the confidence and esteem of men of all parties to an extent attained by few of his predecessors. His personal demeanor in office has been marked by modesty joined with dignity, by affability and courtesy that won confidence without encouraging familiarity, and by such patience and composure under misrepresentation as entitle him to the highest praise. In his administration of public affairs he has always listened to advice and carefully weighed testimony, but in the end has relied upon his own clear judgment; always deliberate in action, he has never been slack in an emergency; preferring conservatism and safety to dash and glitter, he has pursued a policy under which the country has enjoyed in a high degree the inestimable blessings of tranquillity and peace. And perhaps the highest distinction of all is that, under circumstances that would tempt the ambition of the most unselfish patriot, he has maintained the dignity of his office, and kept his own fame unsullied by any intrigue for the continuance of power.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Harvard has a new building for the Veterinary School. The lower floor has accommodations for ten horses. The lecture-room, taking in the whole of the second floor, is arranged in amphitheatre fashion. The third floor contains a dissecting-room and a room for reading and writing. The building is said to be a model of fitness and convenience for its purpose.

The first statue of Daniel Webster in his native State is to be erected in the yard of the State-house at Concord, New Hampshire. It is hoped that it will be finished by November next. Thomas Ball has the contract to furnish it, at the cost of eight thousand dollars.

The Yale College library ranks eighth in size among the libraries of America.

Time to quit drinking—when the swallows headward fly.

An observation by Mr. Henry Irving in his paper on "The American Audience," in the *Fortnightly Review*, is to be accepted as generous and friendly rather than accurate. He says: "In the equipment of the American theatre there is one omission which will surprise us at home—that of the bar or refreshment room. In not a single theatre that I can call to mind in America have I found provision made for drinking." Whence come the cloves of the *entr'actes*, so venerable among the subjects of American humor?

The Harvard gymnasium is a busy place just now with men training for the winter athletic games, which will take place on March 14, 21, and 28. The University and Freshmen eights spend two hours daily in pulling the rowing and chest weights and running. It is said that Harvard is not so sure as heretofore of keeping the Mott Haven cup, owing to the graduation of Goodwin, Allen, and Mandell. The present Mott Haven team is working hard, however, and entertains hopes. Yale and Princeton have not lost anybody from their strong Mott Haven teams of last year.

Dyspepsia has an astonishing variety of symptoms, and has been mistaken for a great many ailments, but it is not often that a case of it is reported, as one was reported recently in this city, as the small-pox.

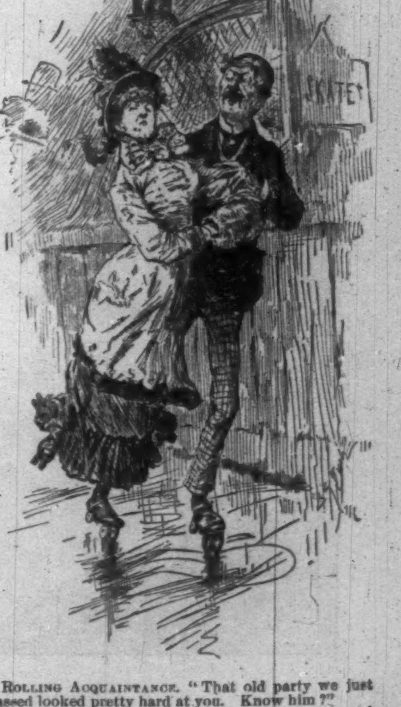
A Washington letter says that one of the pages in Congress is a great-great-grandson of President Madison, and that another is a grandson of President Tyler. Some twelve of the present members were once pages in Congress.

The Paris *Gaulois* says that the supply of furs is becoming exhausted. It says that by-and-by a suit of sables will be dearer than rubies, if, indeed, a good one is not so at present. Mrs. Mackay has a mantle made of the choicest bits of ten thousand black-fox skins, and it cost $16,000. Judic wears a mantle worth $8000. The most costly fur mantle in the world is said to belong to the Duchess of Edinburgh, who inherited it from her mother. It is valued at $60,000. The present Czarina has one almost a counterpart of it. A suit of sables belonging to Adelina Patti is said to be worth nearly $40,000.

H. La Monte, of the class of '86, E. B. Stewart, '87, and J. R. Purdon, '88, have been elected editors of the Harvard *Lampoon*; and Lloyd McKim Garrison has been elected an editor of the *Crimson*. The Yale Freshmen were reminded by the *Courant* on January 10 that an editor from their number would be appointed as soon as the *Courant* should "receive any contributions of a merit sufficient to justify such appointment. We can not remember," says the *Courant*, "that any class since we have been in college has gone so far in Freshman year without having something published in the *Courant*. Of course there are good writers in the class. . . . It is an injustice to the class to be without a representative on the board, as well as an embarrassment to us."

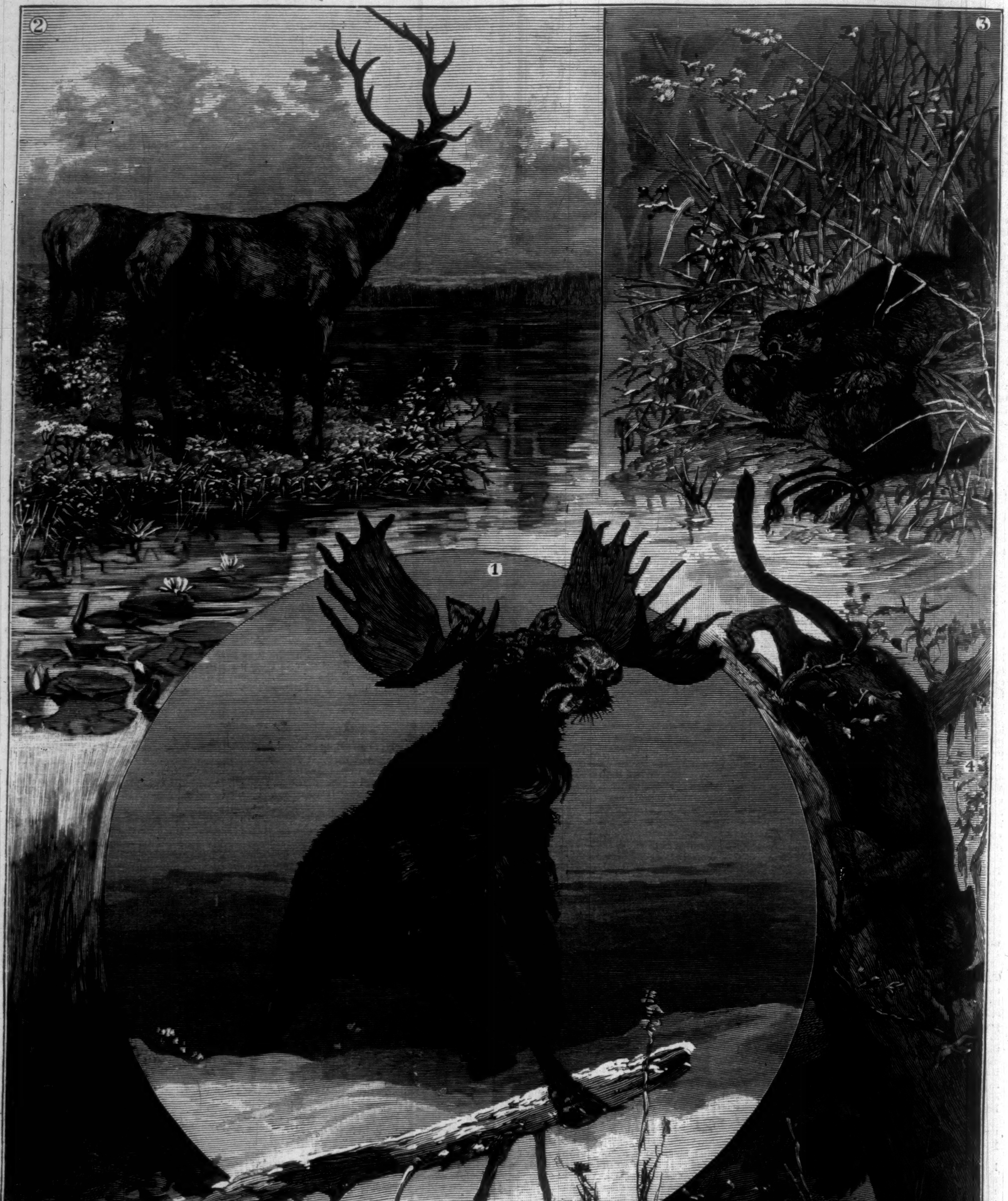
For every square mile of herself England has sixty-five square miles of colony, Holland has fifty-four, Portugal twenty, Denmark about six and a third, France not quite two, and Spain only about four-fifths of a mile. The area of the British colonies is a little less than that of the Russian Empire, including Siberia and Central Asia, and England speaks with authority in lands which cover almost one-sixth of the solid part of the globe.

A writer in the *St. James's Gazette* says that it is absolutely necessary for a London theatre manager to advertise in the newspapers, and to do so daily. "For ordinary comedy or *opéra bouffe* the expense of newspaper advertisments ought not to exceed £50 a week, though it certainly ought not to fall much below that amount. Advertising with picture posters upon walls and boardings is useful in the provinces, but I doubt if it is of any practical value in London, unless it be at the Metropolitan stations, where people waiting for a train stare at the walls out of sheer vacuity. The window bills and picture cards in the shops do good, and cost next to nothing: the shop-keeper considers himself amply paid—as indeed he is—by a few free admissions judiciously ladled out by the bill-inspector. Sandwich men are far more useful than posters. Fifty sandwich men at eighteenpence a day each are a telling and cheap mode of catching the public eye."



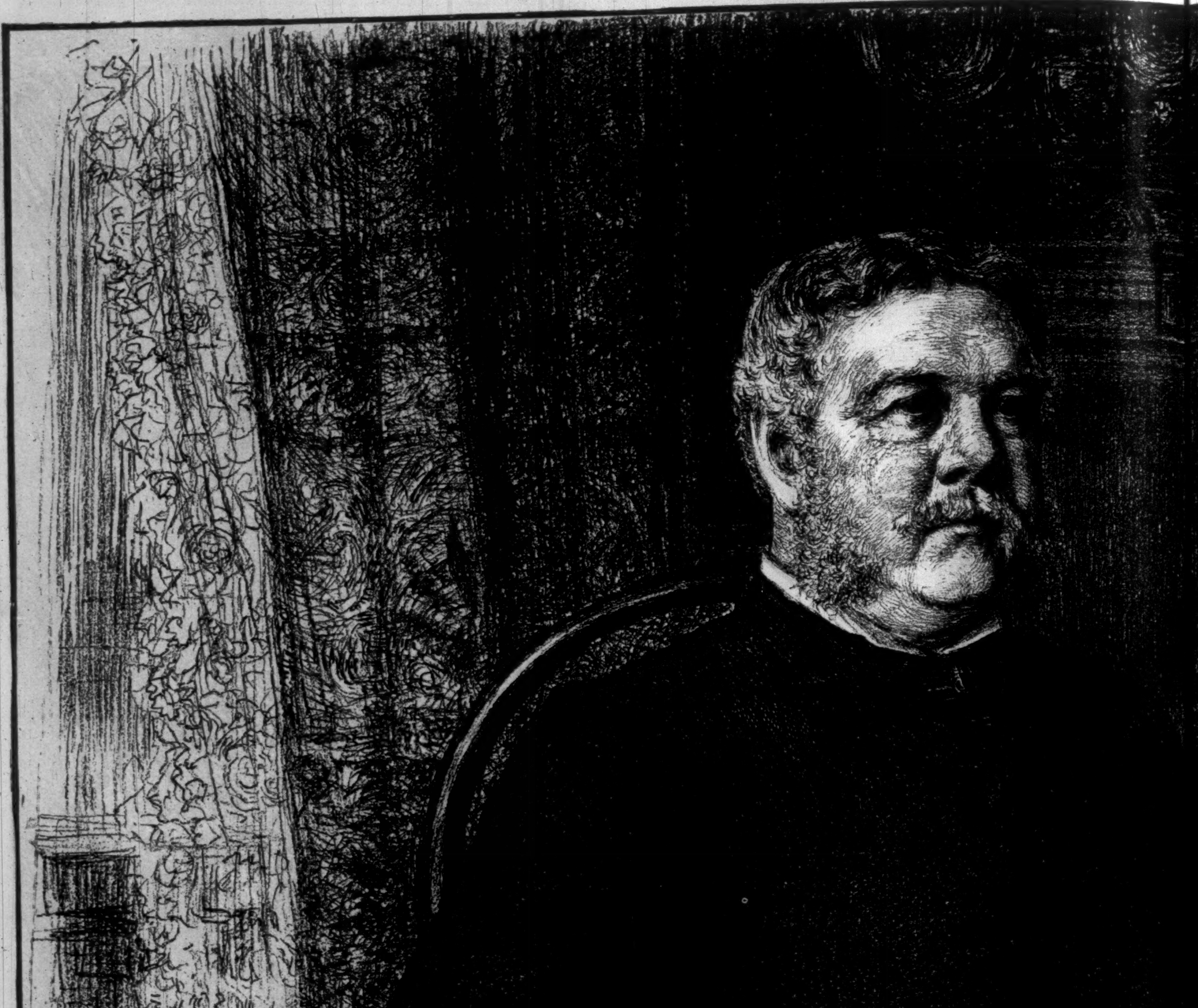
Rolling Acquaintance. "That old party we just passed looked pretty hard at you. Know him?"

La Belle Cuisinière. "Well, I should say so! S'pose he's thinkin' it's time his help was in. Likes his rolls fresh every morning, and I haven't bought my yeast-cake yet."

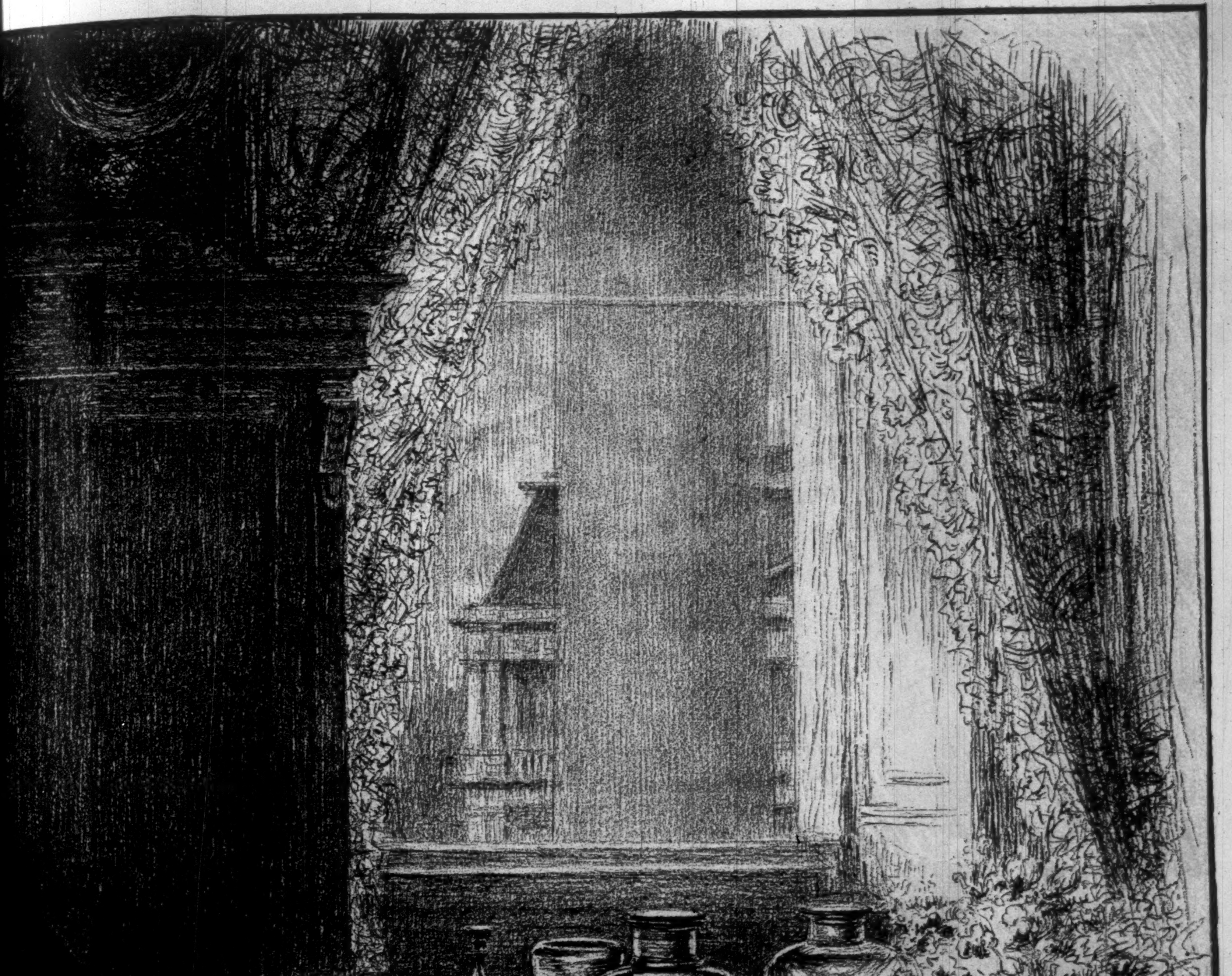


"EVICTED TENANTS" OF THE ADIRONDACKS.—Drawn by Daniel Beard.—[See Page 139.]

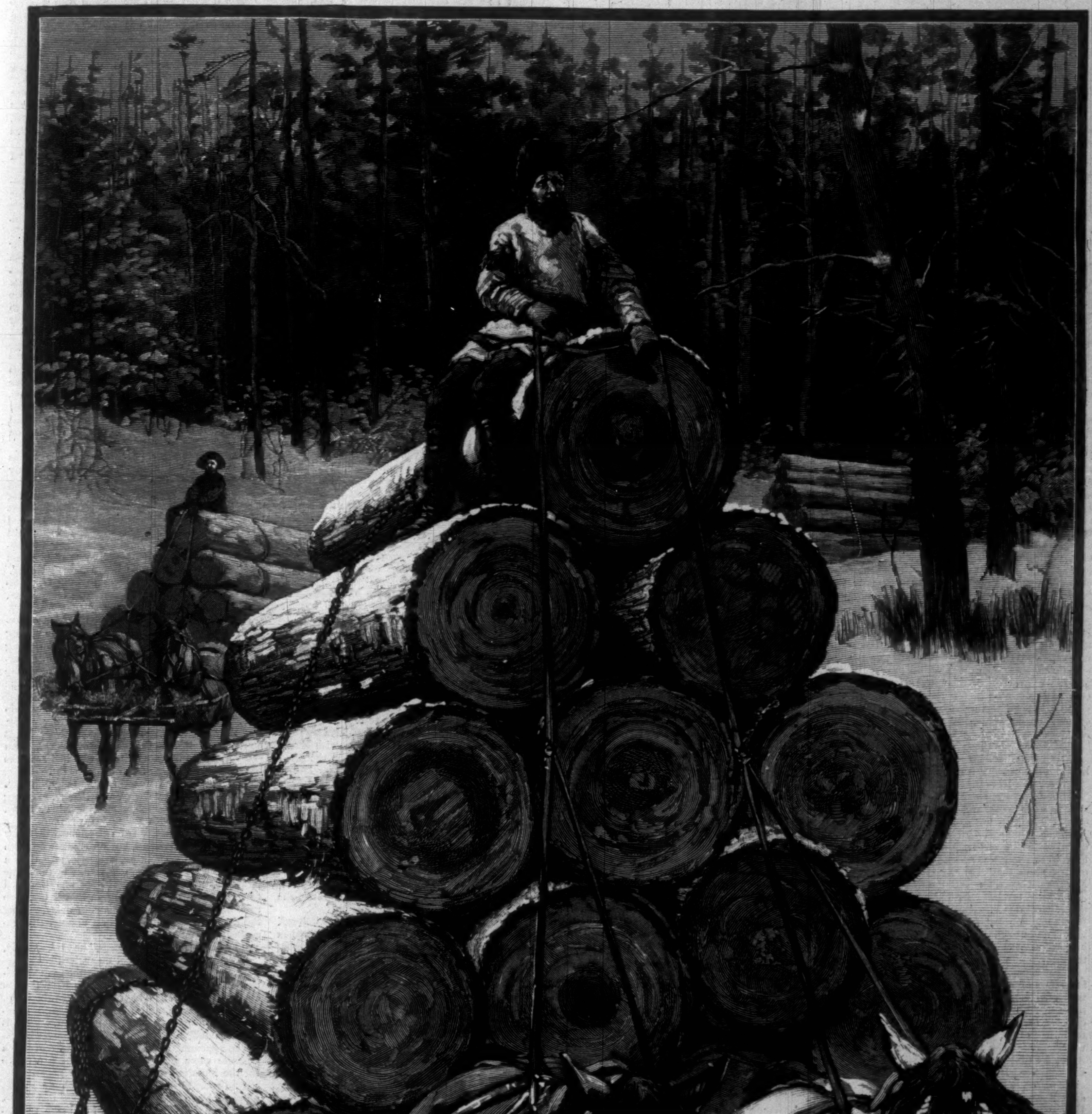
1. The Moose. 2. The American Elk or Wapiti. 3. Wolverine and Beaver. 4. The Panther. 5. The Wolf.



PRESIDENT ARTHUR AT HIS DESK IN THE WHITE



HOUSE.—Drawn from Life by Frederic Dielman.—[See Page 135.]



LOGGING IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 139.]

MARKHAM'S BAYS.

[*Continued from front page.*]

had hoped some time to make this irate old fellow his father-in-law. However, the true sting of the letter lay in Lilian's sanction of it; and as the greater includes the less, henceforth he would have little care for other slights. This, then, was the measure of what he might expect from his circle? Very good! He set his teeth and turned his back upon the whole connection. Forcing forgetfulness, he threw himself into his business, and his business prospered accordingly. It was not often that the ghost of a year ago made itself troublesome as to-day.

But even to-day the hours passed quickly, if not pleasantly, until half past seven o'clock came. Punctually with it came the large handsome sledge, with its white fur robes, which were the customary adjuncts of the bays when they went out for a sleighing party. It was an intensely cold night, and Markham was wrapped to the ears as he took his seat, and, holding in check the spirited horses, drove off in first-rate style, amid a jingle of bells and a murmur of admiration from the helpers, who stood watching him fly down the straight frozen street under the gas-lights. They felt a certain pride in the handsome young fellow, with his quick eye and manner as firm as it was kind. Markham's business was certainly not conducted on *Pinafore* principles, but all the same he had proved, to the satisfaction, at any rate, of all his inferiors with whom he had to do, that a gentleman may earn his own living.

He pulled his cap down closer yet as he dashed along through the frosty air, holding his horses well in hand. There was always a certain exhilaration for him in driving the bays. He had owned them in those prehistoric days when he had owned many other things, and he could not make up his mind to let them go with the others. They were more than possessions, they were friends whom he knew and who knew him. Besides, he told himself, with a laugh, they were excellent stock in trade now. Everybody knew Markham's bays and their record, and they would serve as a sort of advertisement to keep him before the public eye. So he retained them, placing them in a livery-stable, where they were much in demand for "swell" driving parties, and brought in many a dollar for their owner.

Markham drew up his team before a handsome house in one of the best streets of the city, and springing up the steps, rang the bell. His summons presently brought out two young men, who stood on the pavement waiting for the rest of the party. While one of them turned up his coat collar and drew on his gloves with a shiver, the other sauntered to the curb-stone and began to examine the horses. Suddenly he turned to Markham, who stood near.

"By Jove! are those Markham's bays?"

"They are," answered Markham, shortly, for he did not much relish the other's manner.

"Then you drive for him?"

"I do," was the equally brief reply.

The other gave him a sharp look, but turned away without further words.

The door opened again, and two young ladies came down the steps. Cloaked and hooded as they were, there was something in the aspect of one of them that sent the blood in a bound to Markham's heart, and left him stunned and dizzy. Recovering himself in an instant, he turned to the horses' heads, where he stood with averted face while the young men helped their companions in and placed themselves beside them. Then he cautiously took his seat in front, gathered up the reins, and the bays were off like the wind.

What a mockery it all seemed of that sleighing party of a year before, that happiest night which so closely preceded his downfall!—the same sparkle of sky and snow, the same clear, cold air, the same swift, smooth rush through the moon-lit spaces. Then as now it was his hand which guided the fiery horses, but then Lilian Avery's slender form was pressed close to his, while now— He ground his teeth at the contrast.

However, it was some comfort that Miss Avery did not seem in particularly good spirits to-night. By a slight turn of the head he could get a tolerable view of where she sat beside his questioner of a while ago—Leighton, they called him. To him Markham had taken an instant dislike, not lessened, certainly, by his proximity to Lilian, so that he was proportionately relieved when he saw her, as he fancied, shrink away from Leighton's attentions, and respond rather faintly to his gay sallies. Leighton himself seemed to have a growing consciousness of this, and became silent for a time.

Presently he rather abruptly called the other young fellow's attention to the beauty of the span which was carrying them on so swiftly.

"Pretty good style for a livery-stable, eh, Rogers? And thereby hangs a tale— No, don't trouble yourself to make that very obvious pun."

"Oh, never mind the pun, Bertie; tell us the tale," interrupted Rogers's companion—a bright little brunette, whose tongue had scarcely been still for one whole minute since starting. "Lily, make him tell us the story. Did those beauties ever break anybody's neck?"

"Not so much his neck as his credit," replied Leighton, with careful distinctness; "they and their kind, that is. You must know—since you will have the story, Nina—that 'those beauties' once upon a time were known to fame as Markham's bays— Oh, Miss Lilian, do, *pray*, be careful," reproachfully, as Miss Avery gave a sudden forward start. "A little more and you would have fallen out!"

"But who was Markham?" asked Nina. Then, with a sudden startled glance at Lilian, "Why—surely—not—"

"Who was Markham?" responded Leighton, quickly, ignoring her last words. "Why, Markham was the owner of the bays. That was his claim to distinction. He could not bring himself to part with them either, even after they had helped him to make ducks and drakes of his money—I told you he did that, didn't I? Instead, he bought some more horses, and put them into a livery-stable, which he thought a nice, gentlemanly way of supporting himself. And now, they say, he isn't fit even to drive; so his men go out with the bays while he enjoys his daily whiskey in low company."

Markham pulled up his horses with a jerk that sent the snow flying. "That is false, and you know it," he said, turning and looking Leighton straight in the face.

Everybody started, and exclaimed something or other.

"Cursed impudence!" swore Leighton. "Who are *you?* What do you mean?"

"I am the Markham you have been slandering, and I mean to tumble you out here in the snow unless you retract what you have just said," answered Markham, deliberately.

"Oh, *please*, gentlemen, don't quarrel," put in Nina, nervously. "Bertie, of course you will explain your mistake to Mr. Markham at once. Lily, do make him explain."

Miss Avery sat silent and motionless.

"There is no cause for alarm," said Markham, turning, and uncovering his head as he addressed Nina. "I have not the slightest intention of quarrelling. I only demand a withdrawal—or explanation, if he prefers the term—of Mr. Leighton's words just now."

"Rogers, do you propose to stand this sort of thing?" began Leighton.

"Oh, go ahead!" drawled Rogers, with a suppressed sneer. "I wouldn't interfere with the exhibition of your muscle for the world."

"Well, are you ready to admit your *mistake?*" said Markham, quietly, though there was a dangerous glitter in his eye.

"What mistake?" returned Leighton, with a show of braving it out. "I said you kept a livery-stable, and the proof of that is that you are here driving our team for us."

"That is incorrect at the start, for I do *not* keep a livery-stable. I am a florist, as I suspect you know. But let that pass. What is absolutely *false* is that I am not in a fit condition to drive, and the proof of that, as you just said, is that I *am* here driving your team for you."

Leighton was silent, considering the situation. He was a much smaller man than Markham, who would have him completely at a disadvantage, now that Rogers declined to take a hand in the affair.

"Well," said Markham, impatiently, "if you don't mean to speak, say so. It is too cold to keep the team standing any longer."

It *was* cold, Leighton realized that perfectly, and the snow looked very deep, and they were miles from any human habitation. If he made a wrong move now, he stood a fair chance of freezing to-night. "What do you want of me?" he said at length, sullenly.

"A complete withdrawal of your charges of whiskey and low company," replied Markham. "As for your comments upon the occupation I may see fit to follow, that is a mere matter of opinion, and I care nothing for *your* opinion," with a slight scornful emphasis.

Leighton gave one final measuring glance at Markham's shoulders before replying, with what assumption of dignity he could command: "Well, really, I see no reason for making so much of a trifle. I admit that I made a mistake, and of course I have no hesitation in saying so."

At this Rogers's eyebrows went up. "Is that satisfactory, Mr. Markham?" he asked, biting a smile into the corner of his mouth.

"Quite so," returned Markham, with an answering gleam of humor. Then, uncovering his head again as he looked at the ladies, "I am sorry," he said, "to have been obliged to force myself into your conversation. If you will try to forget this little episode, I will see if we can't make up for lost time." And he gave the impatient horses their heads.

All this time Lilian Avery had not said a word. During the remainder of the drive, too, she spoke mainly in monosyllables, and as Leighton did not seem much inclined for conversation either, the burden of it fell on Austin Rogers and his companion. Fortunately Nina was equal to a great deal in that direction.

When they reached their destination, Leighton devoted himself to the care of the two young ladies, and all three went into the house together. Austin Rogers lingered behind with Markham, who was giving directions about his horses.

"Permit me just one word, Mr. Markham," he said, hurriedly. "That fellow Leighton means to be even with you."

"How?" asked Markham, carelessly.

"I can't say. But it is well to be on your guard. I know him tolerably well, and I predict that he will play you a bad trick if he can."

"Then," said Markham, contracting his forehead, "I may happen to play him a worse one."

Rogers laughed. "No hearts would be broken in *this* company if you did," he said, significantly. What he meant was evident enough, but Markham's manner was so stiff as to forbid anything further in that line. So Rogers, with a disconcerted shrug, left him and rejoined his companions.

He found them with the rest of the party, which had previously arrived by several other teams. The gayeties were already beginning in the hotel parlor, where the merry-makers had assembled. They sang, told stories, and played games; then, when they were tired of all these, they got up a dance. It was a very lively party—so much so as to quite cover Lilian's deficiencies. But then she was seldom really gay in these days, so no one noticed her extreme quiet now. No one, that is, except Herbert Leighton, whose eyes were sharpened by jealousy, and Nina Wayne, who watched Lilian because she was troubled about her. Nina had known only the outline of the Markham episode, as her friendship with Miss Avery had been but a comparatively recent one. Herbert Leighton was her cousin, and although she was not very partial to him, she would have liked to make a match between him and Lilian. She had done all in her power hitherto toward such an end, and had hoped that it would be settled during this visit to her aunt, on which she had persuaded Lilian to accompany her. But Nina, capricious and self-willed as she sometimes seemed, was warm and true at heart, and she was too fond of Lilian to wish to beguile her into anything not for her real happiness. And Bertie's behavior to Markham had set her thinking if Lilian's happiness would be promoted by such a marriage. She recalled what she had heard of Markham's story, and admired the independence, the energy, and industry which he had shown. Involuntarily, too, as her thoughts reverted to the scene during their drive, she contrasted his manly, straightforward appearance with that of her cousin, not to the latter's advantage. Altogether, as she reflected upon these things, and observed Lilian languid and listless throughout the evening's festivities, she longed to do something to improve the situation. But what was there in her power? That was the difficulty over which she was pondering.

"Austin," she said, suddenly, as they were whirling round together, "I want you to get Mr. Markham in here as soon as this dance is finished."

Rogers shook his head. "He won't come," he said.

"But he *must* come," said Nina, decidedly. "Tell him he must come."

"My dear child," remonstrated Rogers, raising his eyebrows in a sort of comic despair, "you can't order him about like an ordinary hackman. He is a—a gentleman, you know."

"Well, invite him as a gentleman, then," said Nina.

"But—don't you see?" hesitated Rogers; "though *we* understand his position, the others don't. They know nothing of his being a gentleman."

"Then ask him as a human being," said Nina, pettishly. "They must know he is that, at any rate. I don't care how he comes, so he does come. I want to speak to him."

Rogers's task was a delicate one, for, being engaged to this absolute little lady, he was, of course, bound to keep in her good graces.

"But, Nina," he said, in a tone of expostulation, "his coming in here would cause a great deal of gossip, and of course you wish to avoid that. If you really insist on speaking with him, I will take you where he is. Of course we might have something to say to our driver; that is quite comprehensible. But you will be very careful, dear, on *every* account, won't you?"

But as it was not Rogers whom Nina was desirous of bringing into an interview with Markham, she rejected this proposition. At the same time she admitted the justice of his objection.

"No matter," she said, after a pause; "I have another plan. You have nothing to do but second my motion. Oh, you needn't raise your eyebrows; it will all be perfectly proper and cautious."

In spite of her assurances Rogers felt some little anxiety, but he was not long in suspense. Nina soon declared herself tired of dancing, and proposed that they should try some new amusement. While the others racked their brains, she confided to them a sudden inspiration.

"There's an immense fire-place in the kitchen," she said, "and a splendid fire in it. I looked in as we came by. Just the thing for popping corn!"

"Ye—es, to be sure," said Rogers, but with a half-heartedness that made Nina frown at him. Then he surrendered at discretion, and seconded her motion so boldly that the party was soon on its way to the kitchen.

Markham was sitting apart from the other occupants of the room, reading a paper by the light of a kerosene lamp. He looked up, surprised at this noisy invasion, but before he could make any movement Nina Wayne came up to him, smiling.

"Oh, Mr. Markham," she exclaimed, "we are going to pop some corn. And I want you to help me shell, so I may have the first panful ready." And she handed him a dish.

She looked so bright and childish as she stood there smiling at him that Markham could not help smiling back and accepting her challenge, although he wished himself well out of it. The others caught the spirit of the frolic, and soon everybody was busy shelling, with much jesting and laughter.

All at once Nina gave a little scream. "Oh, I have pricked my finger," she exclaimed; and indeed a big red drop stood on one of the small fingers. "Lily, come here—do!" and at Lilian's slow approach Nina sprang up from her chair and pressed her friend down into it. "Now please go on shelling as fast as you can," she said, "or I shall lose. I'll be back directly." And in another moment she was gone.

It had all happened so suddenly that Lilian, bewildered, found herself forced into a position which she certainly would never have accepted of her own free-will. She sat still, mechanically continuing her trifling occupation, with drooping eyes, and color that came and went in feverish flushes. As for Markham, he took the situation, such as it had been made for him, with that stubborn facing of facts which was so marked a feature of his character. He had not sought such a meeting; he would never have sought it; but since it had been thrust upon him, he was not going to run away from it. He worked on in silence. But even the strong constraint he put upon himself could not make his hands steady, nor keep his eyes from the pale face opposite him; for after a minute the hot color had dropped away, leaving her pallid almost to ghastliness. It seemed to the eyes watching her that she grew whiter and whiter, as if she might faint—as if she might die. A sudden fear that almost stopped his breath took possession of him.

"You are not well, I am afraid, Miss Avery," he said, abruptly. She lifted her eyes for the first time, and even as they met his he saw them fill with tears. All the anger and resentment in his heart seemed to melt away at once. "Lilian," he said, impulsively, "I can't bear it. You look ill and unhappy; won't you tell me what it is?" Her lips quivered, but closed again without a sound. "I could have sworn once," said Markham, his voice trembling, "that you cared for me. But then you would not have sent that cruel letter—"

"A letter?" faltered Lilian, bewildered. "I never sent—I never knew—"

"Your father's letter? Then you did not—Lilian, if I had not thought you had thrown me off, I would never have given you up. I won't now, unless you say so yourself. They are coming. Tell me—quick—have I a chance yet?"

Lilian did not speak, but her eyes and her smile spoke for her, and under cover of the corn in the dish two hands met for a moment. That was all there was time for, for Nina was back again, unable in reason to delay any longer. She glanced covertly at them to see if there had been any change in the situation, and an indefinable something in the aspect of both encouraged her. Lilian was permitted to return to Leighton, whose face cleared of some of its cloudiness. Nina was naturally dying of curiosity, but she was obliged to wait until she could get Lilian alone for one of those "good talks" with which girls settle everything. Lilian and Markham themselves had had no time for an extended explanation, so that altogether there was a good deal of taking on trust.

The gayeties were over finally. The teams had gone, one after another, until there was only Markham's party left. The bays were standing before the door, tossing their heads and tinkling their bells, and Markham himself had just put Lilian into the sleigh, while the others stood waiting their turn, when a jingle was heard down the road, and a single sleigh, driven furiously, came dashing up. At the same moment all recognized its occupant as Lilian Avery's father.

"Well done!" said Rogers to himself. "So *that* was Leighton's little trick. He telegraphed to the old fellow on the chance."

Resentment, renewed hope, the sudden opportunity, were too much for Markham. He sprang into the seat beside Miss Avery. "I am going to run away with you, Lilian," he said in a hurried whisper, and sent the bays rushing down the road past Mr. Avery's sleigh as it sped up to the door.

"Stop 'em! stop 'em!—won't somebody stop 'em?" shouted the old man, gesticulating wildly. But they were off. There was nothing for it now but to follow, in the hope of overtaking them—a very slight hope, as all felt who had seen the bays fly over the track and out of sight.

The horse's head was turned. Leighton took his seat beside Mr. Avery, and Rogers, grasping the reins, jumped in too, answering Nina's frown of remonstrance with a significant smile.

As they drove away from the house they saw nothing of the fugitives, but on coming out into the main road something, scarcely more than a dark speck on the snow, was visible by the vague light a long distance off. Rogers was dismayed to see that they were gaining on it, and began to rack his brains for some means of delay, pulling the reins this way and that in a manner that exasperated Leighton.

"For Heaven's sake, Rogers," he said, sharply, "do drive straight, and get on faster!"

Rogers pretended to comply, and gave the already irritated horse a taste of the whip that, in combination with a sudden turn, jerked the sleigh over on its side, and plunged Leighton headforemost into an enormous snow-drift. Then it righted itself, and came to a dead stop as Leighton re-appeared, crusted from head to foot like a gigantic snow man, the more ludicrous a figure for the impotent wrath in his face.

"So sorry!" drawled Rogers, with an accent of condolence belied by the twinkle in his eye. "But you were evidently fated to make the acquaintance of a snow-drift to-night, one way or another, my dear fellow."

The "dear fellow's" angry reply was arrested by the bells of a team approaching round a curve of the road, which a glance showed to be the one they were in pursuit of. All three men stared to see it steadily drawing nearer, Rogers in some vexation that his strategy had been wasted, except, indeed, for having given Leighton a tumble into the snow.

Markham checked his horses before the obstacle in his way, and with a rapid survey of the group, addressed himself directly to Mr. Avery.

"Mr. Avery," he said, "I have brought you back your daughter, because I won't owe her to a trick. I will deal more fairly by you than you did by me. But I give you warning now that I shall consider *any* means fair in future."

"Papa," added Lilian, very pale but firm, "what he says I say too. If I had known about the letter, I would— Oh, papa, how *could* you be so cruel!"

Perhaps it was the sight of the tears shining in his daughter's reproachful eyes that checked any stormy reply from Mr. Avery. He cleared his throat once or twice, seemingly at a loss what to say. But when Markham, having helped Lilian into the other sleigh, was arranging the robes about her, the old man suddenly leaned forward and grasped his hand. "In any case, Mr. Markham," he said, "I sha'n't forget that you had the game in your own hands, and gave it up."

Markham smiled. "But I don't mean to give it up again. Don't forget *that*, either, sir," he answered, in a tone whose decision had no mixture of disrespect. Mr. Avery half smiled as he drove away with his daughter.

"By Jove! that was a bold stroke," exclaimed

Rogers, admiringly, "but I believe you've played to win. He's just such a whimsical old duffer."

"I mean to win," answered Markham, quietly, "but your compliment to my finesse is undeserved."

"Virtue is its own reward, eh?" said Rogers, with the air of pondering a problem. "Well, Mr. Markham," he added, with a laugh, "you are the first Lochinvar I ever heard of who brought the bride back again. But then you are a modern Lochinvar."

"I am a florist, at your service," answered Markham, in that matter-of-fact way with which he had repelled any approach to this subject that touched him nearest.

"You are a literalist, at any rate," retorted Rogers, half-way between amusement and annoyance.

Markham and Rogers had taken their places in the sleigh, while Leighton, uncertain what to do, stood by beating the snow from his clothes. Altogether he looked a sorry figure, and Markham, whose nature did not hold rancor, could not but feel a certain contemptuous pity as he looked down at him. "Perhaps you will get in, Mr. Leighton," he said, gravely. "I suppose the sooner we get back now the better."

Leighton hesitated a moment, reluctant to show his relief, and then obeyed the suggestion without a word. Indeed, except in answer to an occasional remark from Nina, he did not open his lips in speech during the entire homeward drive. Perhaps, in addition to that night's unpleasantnesses, he had a dire foreboding that he had lost the final game, and that his rival's magnanimity augured ill for him in this respect.

Markham did not mean to miss Lilian again through any misunderstanding, so he followed up his advantage at once. And it was an advantage he had unwittingly gained when he "brought the bride back again," as Rogers said. For, once more in that young man's irreverent phrase, Mr. Avery *was* "just such a whimsical old duffer" as to have been deeply impressed by this act on the part of one who had him completely at his mercy. So when Markham appeared at the Avery mansion to make a formal demand for Lilian, the old gentleman, instead of flying into a passion, hummed and hawed, and did not forbid hope, although he would not give an actual present consent. Possibly the energy with which Markham was building up a flourishing business led Mr. Avery to think that he might give Lilian into worse hands; and possibly, also, he was influenced by the desire to see the light return to Lilian's eyes and the color to her cheek. For, in spite of what she had called his cruelty, Mr. Avery was very fond of his daughter, and had honestly desired to consult her best interests.

So the upshot of it was that when Markham next drove out the bays it was with Lilian beside him, as on that evening a year before, only this time she was his promised wife. Nina declared that she would not be married until Lilian could stand up with her, so Austin Rogers, who had taken a wonderful liking for Markham, was enlisted on his side for the benefit of both. And it would not be strange if a double wedding should occur before long. But when it does, it is not likely that Leighton, notwithstanding his relationship, will be best man for either bridegroom.

TWENTY CENTS A DAY.

(FROM A SEWING GIRL'S DIARY, AS FOUND IN HER ROOM.)

February 1, 1885.

Here—am I here?
Or is it fancy, born of fear?
Yes—O God, save me!—this is I,
And not the one of whom I've read,
In that bright girlhood, when the sky
Each night strewed star-dust o'er my head,
When each morn meant a gala-day,
And all my world was bright and gay.
I had not felt the touch of Care;
I'd heard of something called Despair,
But knew it only by its name.
(How far it seemed!—how soon it came!)
Yes, all the bright years hurried by;
Sorrow was near, and—this is I!

Is't the same girl that stood, one night,
There in the wide hall's thrilling light,
With all the costly robes astir
That love and pride had bought for her?
How the great crowd, 'mid their kind din,
Gazed with gaunt eyes and drank me in!
And then they hushed at each low word,
So Death himself might have been heard,
To hear me mournfully rehearse
The tender Hood's sad, plaintive verse
About the woman who, half dead,
Stitched her frail life in every thread.
How little then I knew the need!
Yet for my own sex I did plead,
And my heart crept on each word's track
Till soft sobs from the crowd came back.
I saw my sister, streaming-eyed,
Yet bearing still a face of pride:
Oh, sister! when you looked at me
With that quick yearning glance of love,
Did you peer on, to what might be—
What is?—and is it known above?
When that great throng a shout did raise,
And gave me words of heart-felt praise,
And loving eyes their incense burned
Till my young girlish head was turned,
Did your clear eye see farther then
A moment past all mortal ken,
And in the dreary scene I drew
Did my own form appear to you?
It might have been; grief was o'er-nigh,
And—God, have pity!—this is I,
Treading a steep and dang'rous way,
And—earning twenty cents a day!

February 5, 1885.

Father, this is the day we hailed
As your bright birthday. We ne'er failed
To throng about with love's fond arts,
And bring you presents from our hearts,
That we had planned from long ago;
And—now, you lie beneath the snow!
My love, my father, how you stood
'Twixt me and all that was not good!
How, each o'er-hurried breath I drew,
My girl-heart turned and clung to you!

* * * * * *

How near comes back that dismal day
You sat, sad-faced, with naught to say,
From morn till night! I did not dare
Even to ask to soothe your care;
I knew it was too sadly grand
To feel the light touch of my hand.
Ah! friends you loved had gone astray,
And swept our competence away;
And I did strive so hard to save
Your dear, sweet gray hairs from the grave!
Too late! your sun went down o'er-soon,
Clouded, in life's mid-afternoon.
You guarded me with patience rare
From e'en the shadow of a care;
You called me "Princess," and my room
Was dressed as palaces might be;
And—here I am amid this gloom
That mocks, insults, and murders me,
Striving a garret's rent to pay,
And—earning twenty cents a day!

February 20, 1885.

I can not well afford to write—
My fingers are in call elsewhere;
But I must voice my black despair
Or I should die before 'twas night.
I have no mother now to call,
And seek her heart, and tell her all.
Oh, mother! well I know you rest
In yonder heaven, serene and blest:
How sadly, strangely sweet 'twould be
To know you knew and pitied me!
And yet I would not have you dream
E'en of the dagger's faintest gleam
That's pointing at my maiden breast.
Rest on, sweet mother, sweetly rest!
And still I feel your influence shed
Sometimes upon my aching head.
That night I stood upon the pier,
And the gray river swept so near,
And glanced up at me in a way
Some one with friendly voice might say,
"Come to my arms and rest, poor girl."
And I leaned down with head awhirl,
And heart so heavy it might sink
Me underneath the river's brink,
A hand I could not feel or see
Drew me away and petted me;
A voice I felt, unheard, though near,
Said, "Wait! you must not enter here,
And press against me with one stain.
Poor girl, not long you need remain!"

* * * * * *

But, O sweet mother! I must write
The words that would be said to-night,
If you could hold my tired head here!
I can not see one gleam of cheer;
This is a garret room, so bleak
The cold air stings my fading cheek;
Fireless my room, my garb is thin,
And hateful Hunger has come in,
And says, "Toil on, you foolish one!
You shall be mine when all is done."
Two days and nights of pain and dread
I've gnawed upon a crust of bread
(For what scant nourishment 'twould give)
So hard, I could not eat and live!
O mother! I to God shall pray
This tale in heaven may ne'er be told;
For you are where whole streets are gold,
And I—earn twenty cents a day!

February 22, 1885.

He never loved me. No sane one
Could love and do as he has done.
How my heart clung and clung to him,
E'en when respect and faith grew dim!
His lightest touch could thrill me so!
Weak girl, 'twas hard to bid him go.
Though wayward was his heart I knew,
I would have sworn that he was true!
Oh, how I loved him! or maybe
Loved some one that I thought was he.
They brought me—what? his mangled corse?
Would God they had! They brought me worse.

I saw one who should bear his name,
One whose pale face was fiercely grieved,
One whom he wantonly deceived
And sentenced to a life of shame.
That was the end. I could not wed
A man whose nobler self was dead.

O man! a brave and noble race,
But you can be so vile and base!
And when there is no urgent need,
You can protect us well indeed;
But when adversity is near,
When the wave breaks upon our head,
When we are crushed with want and dread,
Then we have most from you to fear!
Why do men strangely look me o'er
When I their mercy need the more?
Do they not know a girl may taste
The dregs of want, and yet be chaste?
Should woman sell her soul away
To save its manacles of clay?

February 23, 1885.

All honest means of life have failed.
The small accomplishments I've tried
That pleased friends in my days of pride
Are naught; but vice has not prevailed,
And, thank Heaven, should not, though my heart
Were torn a thousand times apart.
But God shield helpless girls alway
Who live on twenty cents a day!

February 24, 1885.

Weak, weak, still weaker do I grow:
My mournful fate I can but know;
God, keep me not long here, I pray,
To toil—on twenty cents a day!

February 26, 1885.

Oh, horrors! is it—is it true
What I have read?—if I but knew!
O God, tell me where can I fly,
Not to be found when I shall die!
They say dead waifs are oft by night
Robbed of a decent burial's right;
That fiends the friendless bodies bear
To crowds of waiting students, where
Men tear them up for men to see.
O God, sweet God, do pity me!
And I will humbly pray to men:
If this should come within the ken
Of one who lives a true loved life,
Of one who sister has, or wife;
One who loves women for the best
That is in them, whose lips have pressed
Pure, genuine lips, whom women trust,
Whose heart is free from loathsome lust;
One whom I would have loved if he
Brother or husband were to me—
I ask you—nay, I do command
With that imperiousness you so
Like from a white and shapely hand—
I *order* you—but no, no, no;
I am past that—I humbly pray
That you will see that I unmarred
Have Christian burial. Guard—O guard,
You men with manly hearts and souls,
My poor dead body from the ghouls!
I strove alway to keep it pure
As the soul in me; it has been
Type of the thoughts that lived within,
The white slave of what shall endure,
My spirit's loved though humble mate:
Let none its white limbs desecrate!

* * * * * *

Weaker—yet weaker—'tis to die
This sharp pain bids me. Ah! good-by,
World that I was too weak for—

WILL CARLETON.

OLIVIER PAIN.

There are few persons in the world of M. Olivier Pain's age, which is now about forty, who more fully deserve the title of adventurer, if that title is to be conferred according to the number and variety of the adventures one has undergone. Perhaps in the sense in which the title is more usually taken M. Pain's claim to it is equally valid. He was not only a Communist, but a Communard, in the anarchy that succeeded the collapse of the French Empire fourteen years ago, when he was under age, and one of the earliest vindications of the social order was effected at his expense, being his sentence, with that of Rochefort and other co-workers, to the penal colony at New Caledonia, from which he escaped with Rochefort and four others in 1874, and was one of the companions of the more famous anarchist in his journey across this continent. It was at this time that he stopped long enough in New York to have his photograph taken. His tastes and talents led him to prefer Oriental wars to the journalism and politics of the boulevards, and his next appearance was made in the capacity of Osman Pasha's private secretary at the siege of Plevna. When Plevna fell, the stray Frenchman was offered by its captors to the French Embassy, but being recognized as an ex-convict he was refused the protection of the republic, and sent to a Russian prison. After his release he made his way to Paris, and after a brief essay in journalism he made his way through the Egyptian lines, and put his pen at the service of the Mahdi. It was this eloquent utensil that concocted the dispatches from the Soudan which hoodwinked the Egyptian government and the British commander during last year, and made their imaginative author very serviceable to the Mahdi, and in the same degree offensive to the Egyptians and the English. The version of affairs in the Soudan which has proceeded from the Mahdi's camp indicates that the literary powers of his French secretary are exercised with undiminished activity.

LOGGING.

The Wisconsin lumberman dresses in a picturesque fashion. His hat (when it is not a cap) is not unlike the wide Mexican hat, and it is usually adorned with gold-lace; his suit is made of Mackinaw blankets—red trousers, a blue or a scarlet coat with figures that are startling if not artistic, and about his feet and ankles he wears moccasins and a system of straps for the general uses of garter and leg-gear. He sits on a very high pyramid of logs, which on the ground would be a load impossible for half a dozen horses to budge, but which is easily drawn over the snow by two. The logman, in his picturesque garb, and with his unintelligible and continuous speech to his team, is the gaudy apex to this high pyramid, which on a background of unbroken snow makes a scene well worth seeing.

The drivers of these sleds of logs are the only human beings that you are likely to encounter in a territory of a hundred miles square in northern Wisconsin.

But his loneliness does not oppress him, for he is as jovial, and sometimes even as boisterous, at the lumber camp at night as he is picturesque in the day. The cooking at the lumber camps is a surprise to every stranger, and the wayfarer who happens to become their guest fares very well. But why should he not, when deer are yet so numerous that it is hardly accounted skillful sport to kill them?

These pyramidal loads of logs are drawn to the Wisconsin and the Chippewa rivers, where they are made into rafts to continue their journey to the mill. As soon as they fall into the handling of the raftsmen they encounter another peculiar civilization; for the logman on water, where he becomes a raftsman, is a gentleman of one kind, and the logman on land a gentleman of another kind; and there is a certain independence and manliness in the backwoods logman that is his characteristic and boast. Any visitor to these forests will agree that the logs find no better company in their whole journey than their gaudily dressed comrade on their trip from the stump to the river.

WINTER OFF SHORE.

Winter off shore has a beauty of its own, and one need not travel to the arctic regions with Mr. Bradford to feel its influence, nor even to the frozen glories that environ Niagara Falls. A February trip to Boston by way of Long Island Sound may be made the occasion of much æsthetic pleasure, although the steamboat that carries the traveller arrives in port somewhat broken by strenuous conflict with the ice. Less pleasant, to be sure, is the experience of the adventurer whose sailing craft is frozen so fast that neither wind nor friendly oar can start it, but the hospitable shores are not far distant, and the welcome rescue may come when he least expects it. Really pitiable cases are rare, but one of them occurred on the 18th of February, when Mr. Mansfield Mills, of Stony Brook, Suffolk County, Long Island, missed his sail-boat from its moorings, and found that it had been carried away by the tide. He procured a row-boat, and paddled diligently through the broken ice in order to recover his property, the snow falling fast meanwhile, and the thermometer trying to keep up with it in its downward course. When his neighbors had instituted a search, they found their unfortunate comrade five miles distant, lying almost exhausted in the bottom of his boat, with hands and feet frozen.

The picturesque features of Long Island Sound in winter were, perhaps, never so marked as during the present season, and Coney Island, with characteristic enterprise, has done all that it could to rival them. Experiences like that of Frederick Cullinan, of Utah Territory, who was buried for sixteen hours near Salt Lake City under fifteen feet of snow, are not yet recorded of Coney Island, but, at the present writing, a small hotel much frequented by fishermen is afloat in the ice-floes of Canarsie Bay. Huge cakes of ice had gathered about it, and when the tide came, the landlord felt his little inn rising, and soon saw it carried off shore. The bark *Conductor*, from Antwerp, came through the Sound on the 19th of February with both sides badly cut by the ice; she had been found fast off Oak Neck, her anchor gone, and ninety-five fathoms of cable missing; and the steam-lighter *Henry Fish* reached City Island on the same day with her bows badly stove in.

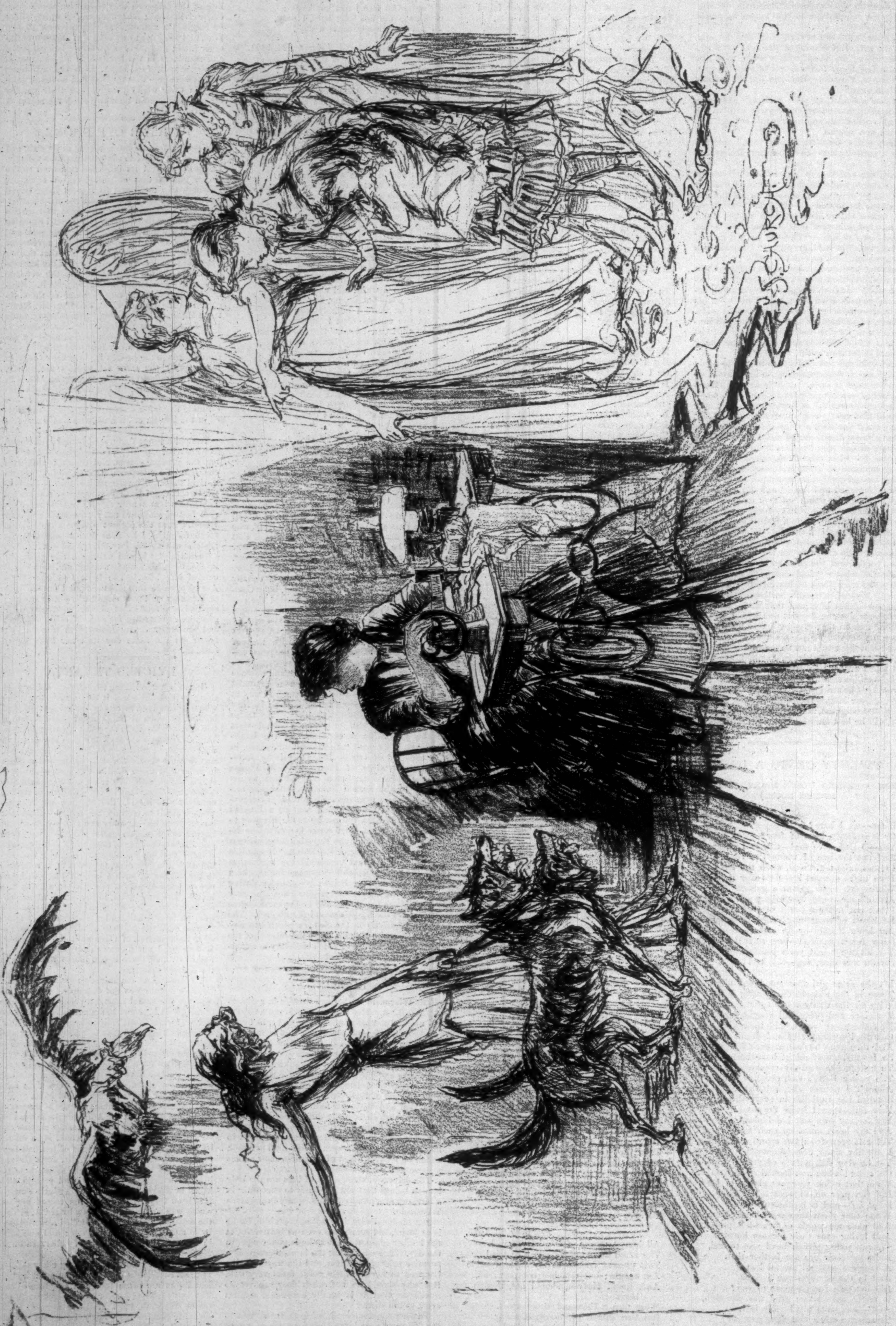
EVICTED TENANTS.

Greed is a good thing to restrain. It is a good thing to restrain when it sets about to sell the whole Adirondack forests at the current price of lumber, or when it hunts amid those forests a fine race of animals to the point of extermination. The law of the State says now that the deer and the partridge and the trout shall have a chance, and that the sportsman shall be stopped at times in order that these shall not be forever stopped. It is a pity that the law could not have said this sooner, and, especially in the Adirondack region, enforced what it said. Probably it would be somewhat difficult to restrain the native Adirondack hunter from blazing away at a moose if he should happen to see one, no matter what the time of the year. It is told of one of these free and picturesque citizens that, on learning the meaning and significance of a game law, he observed, in reference to the officers of such a law, "I'd like to ketch one on 'em a-spottin' o' me; I'd put a bullet into him." The expression, in the mouth of an Adirondack hunter, is not vicious; it signifies no more than an honest indignation at the idea of interference with the pursuits of a man unaccustomed to the trammels of a less natural environment. But we need not pursue the argument, for it is not likely that there is one moose remaining in the Adirondacks now.

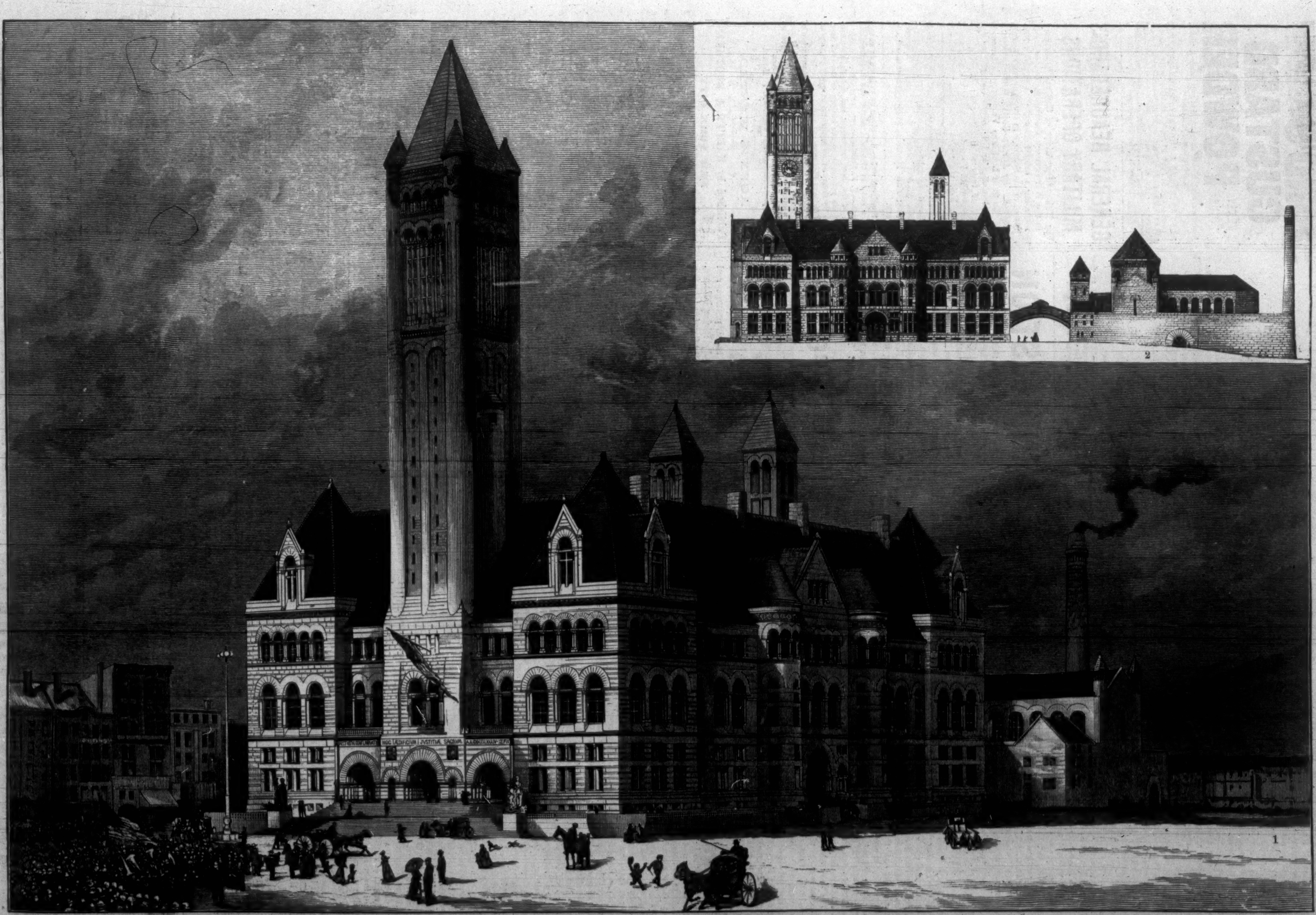
To preserve all the animals represented in Mr. Beard's picture was not desirable. Nobody except the occasional sportsman who likes a spice of danger in his sport wants panthers and wolves and wolverines in the Adirondacks. Dr. De Kay, writing in 1842, said that the wolverine was still found in the district north of Raquette Lake. The bounties offered by the Legislature in 1871 were thirty dollars for a grown wolf, fifteen dollars for a pup wolf, and twenty dollars for a panther. Forty-six of these wild beasts were slain soon afterward, for which the State paid $920.

Evidences of the former presence of the moose are still to be seen in the Adirondacks in the long scars of its making on the swamp maples and striped maples. The moose would strip off the bark of these trees to a height of ten feet from the ground. In March, 1851, Mr. John Constable and his brother killed two moose near the head of Independence Creek, and several were killed in March, 1856, west of Charley's Pond, in Hamilton County. The last on record are one which was wounded in the jaw by Mr. A. F. Tait, the artist, in July, 1861, and killed a month later by William Woods, the hunter; and one killed in August, 1861, by a party of fishermen on the Marion River.

Dr. De Kay records that a stag-elk was killed in the Adirondacks in 1834, and another in 1836. Elk horns are often found in the forests now. The last recorded beaver was caught on the Raquette River in 1880. All the animals in Mr. Beard's picture may fairly be called "evicted tenants."



"TWENTY CENTS A DAY."—Drawn by F. S. Church.—See Poem by Will Carleton, Page 139.



THE NEW COUNTY BUILDINGS AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 142.]

1. Perspective View. 2. Side View of Court-House and Jail.

MR. JOHN PARSELLE.

MR. JOHN PARSELLE, of the Union Square Theatre Company, who died suddenly on the 17th instant, was one of the best known and most highly esteemed members of the profession of the stage in this country. A very exacting and arduous calling, it seldom admits of or induces much devotion to other purely intellectual pursuits, and while it numbers many persons of excellent cultivation and admirable worldly polish, it affords few instances of such ripe scholarship and varied acquirement as his. Mr. PARSELLE'S early education was uncommonly thorough; his general disposition inclined him strongly to art and letters, and his taste in respect to both became as correct as his knowledge of them was wide. He was an excellent actor, keen in his sympathy with the best traditions of the French school, an enthusiastic believer in the possibilities of the American stage, and untiring in his efforts to improve and develop whatever of it he personally had to do with. In respect to the fine arts generally Mr. PARSELLE was a man of surprising information, discursive reading, and technical erudition, all of which reflected to advantage upon his relation to the stage, and made his influence upon it as strong and wholesome as it undoubtedly was. A gentleman in all the relations of life, an ornament to his profession, and a prominent and popular figure in the better drama, Mr. PARSELLE'S loss is one that will be deeply felt by all who were associated with him, and universally regretted.

THE COUNTY BUILDINGS AT PITTSBURGH.

THE buildings which Mr. H. H. RICHARDSON has designed for Pittsburgh are noteworthy for size, massiveness, and costliness even among the civic palaces of the last decade in this country. They comprise a Court-house and Jail. The Court-house is about half the size of the new Capitol in Albany, being in area 296 feet by 206, inclosing a court 145 by 70, and in height three tall stories, two of them so tall as to be divisible each into two tiers of subordinate rooms, while retaining their whole height in the principal rooms, besides a steep roof. The towers serve, as we shall presently see, practical as well as picturesque purposes. Two of them, in the court, rise 75 feet above the ridge of the roof, while the main tower, in the centre of the principal front, attains the unusual height of 318 feet, sixty feet more, if we remember aright, than Trinity spire in New York. The other building is a jail, actually and architecturally united with the Court-house by a "Bridge of Sighs," and built of the same material—a granite, used rock-faced in the fields of wall, and dressed in the belting courses, arches, and cornices. The total cost is to be not far from two millions.

While these figures show that the buildings are to constitute an important public work, the chief interest of the work will not be in its size and cost, but in its ingenious and in some points novel planning, and in its bold and effective architecture. Both the planning and the architecture are modified to meet the peculiar local requirements of Pittsburgh, the chief peculiarity of the local requirements being that the building shall be continually swathed in coal smoke. As fine a site as the city affords has been secured for the new buildings, but no site which is convenient for the transaction of the public business is free from the plague of smoke. In planning a public building for Pittsburgh, therefore, it is necessary that special provision should be made both for lighting and ventilation. Every room in the Pittsburgh Court-house is directly lighted either from the street or from the court, while the principal rooms receive light from both. This is managed by putting the corridors which form the circulatory system of the building on the inner side surrounding the court, and giving them only half the height of the principal rooms, leaving above their ceilings a space which is pierced with windows giving light to the principal rooms, and forming galleries in the first story, while in the second, the corridors being roofed over, the windows above it open directly into the court-rooms.

The system of ventilation is still more peculiar. The main tower rises "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call" Pittsburgh, and the supply of air is to be drawn from this upper level beyond the smoke strata through openings in the turrets 250 feet from the sidewalk. From this point it is brought through flues to the cellar, heated to 66°, washed of such soot as may still adhere to it, moistened to the correct sanitary degree, and distributed throughout the building. After serving its purpose the air is carried out again, and finally released through the upper stages of the towers in the court, the lower stages of which inclose the staircases and elevators. This arrangement exists as yet, of course, only on paper, but it is evident to whoever has sojourned in Pittsburgh that some very special provision is needful to make its soot either transparent or respirable.

The architecture is modified to the atmosphere mainly by the reduction to a minimum of the projecting points or belts which invite the lodgment of soot. The desire to effect this result co-operates with a constant recognition in the design of the fact that it is to be executed in granite to give the detail the character of an earlier and less elaborate Romanesque than that which Mr. RICHARDSON commonly adopts when his wrought work is to be exposed to a clearer air and executed in a more tractable material. The contrast of rough granite and richly wrought dark sandstone, which is so effective in many of his works, notably in Trinity Church in Boston and in the Albany City Hall, is abandoned here, possibly in favor of a more assured durability than sandstone promises. At least the drawings indicate that the exterior is to be a monochrome of light granite, while the court-yard is lined with brick, relieved by a free use of granite, of which latter material the interior towers are composed. The use of monochrome, and especially of the pale monochrome of granite, makes it especially difficult to give force to the main features of a composition. The architect has undertaken to overcome this difficulty in the present case by increasing the size of the important members, so as to effect by magnitude what he is prohibited from doing by contrast of color or by sharpness and elaboration of modelling. The huge voussoirs of the triple portal at the principal entrance, and of the openings above it, are sure to "tell" even in the smoky air of Pittsburgh, and were they even simpler than they are in modelling. Nevertheless, it is perhaps fortunate that the efforts of the architect to avoid soot can not be so completely successful as to prevent the construction from being occasionally accented by the atmosphere. Whether that happens or not, the principal front of the Pittsburgh Courthouse, with its massive tower visible to the bottom, will be one of the boldest and most effective architectural compositions to be seen in this country—more successful than the exterior treatment of the Capitol at Albany by the same architect, inasmuch as the principal masses, which at Pittsburgh are made the very utmost of, are at Albany fatally frittered away in the lower stories, upon which Mr. RICHARDSON was compelled to superpose his architecture.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
INCOMPARABLE IN SICK HEADACHE.

DR. FRED. HORNER, Jr., Salem, Va., says: "To relieve the indigestion and so-called sick headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism, it is incomparable."—[*Adv.*]

A FASTING GIRL.

IN Cincinnati a sixteen-year-old girl recently died after a fast of fifty-two days. She had been attacked by something like paralysis, which rendered it impossible for her to take nourishment. The human system cannot thrive without good food and good ability to digest it. Weak and impaired digestion is rectified by Brown's Iron Bitters—better than any other tonic in the world. Mr. J. E. Freeberg, Pomeroy, Iowa, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and poor appetite; completely cured me." It will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

* * * Cancer of the lower bowel sometimes results from neglected or badly treated piles. By our improved methods, without knife, caustic, or salve, we speedily and permanently cure the worst pile tumors. Pamphlet, references, and terms, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

SUDDEN CHANGES OF THE WEATHER

Often cause Pulmonary, Bronchial, and Asthmatic troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will allay irritation which induces coughing, giving immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

BEST quality Alaska Seal-skin garments, English dressed, newest styles, prices marked down. C. C. SHAYNE, M'f'r, 103 Prince St. Send for Ill'd Price-List.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

OPIUM, Morphia, Chloral, Whiskey, and Tobacco Habits Cured. Treatment simple. Circulars, information, *free.*—GLUCK MEDICINE Co., 6 E. 14th St., N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts.

"HEALTH RESTORER"
TRADE MARK

A sure Cure for Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness of Body and Mind, &c. Write for pamphlet free. DR. P. YOUNG, 445 Canal Street, N. Y.

*F*INE LINEN
Writing Papers.

IF YOU WANT A DAY BOOK MADE,
IF YOU WANT A JOURNAL MADE,
IF YOU WANT A CASH BOOK MADE,
IF YOU WANT A LEDGER MADE,
IF YOU WANT A RECORD MADE,
IF YOU WANT A CHECK BOOK MADE,
IF YOU WANT A SALES BOOK MADE,
IF YOU WANT PAPER FOR CORRESPONDENCE,
IF YOU WANT PAPER FOR LETTER HEADS,
IF YOU WANT PAPER FOR NOTE HEADS,
IF YOU WANT PAPER FOR BILL HEADS,
IF YOU WANT WRITING PAPER FOR ANY PURPOSE,

ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER
FOR "LINEN" PAPER MADE BY
CRANE BROTHERS,
WESTFIELD, MASS.,

AND TAKE NO OTHER.
USED BY ALL STATIONERS.
USED BY ALL BOOKBINDERS.
USED BY ALL LITHOGRAPHERS.
USED BY ALL PRINTERS.
SOLD BY ALL PAPER DEALERS.

It has received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and is recommended by all using it. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

INDIGESTION

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from Indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

Cured

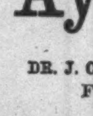
me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
For sale by all Druggists.



THE COMPLEXION MASK.
(PATENTED.)

By the Parfumerie Monte Christo, of world-wide reputation, cures all blemishes, effaces unsightly wrinkles, and gives the face a fresh and youthful appearance. Endorsed and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Price $2.00, complete. Money refunded if it fails to do the same. L. SHAW, 54 West 14th Street, near Macy's, only depot, New York.

$16 BREECH-LOADER

Guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action, Bar (Front Action) Locks. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Only $16. Our Famous Number 21,

$15 MUZZLE-LOADER NOW $12

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of Guns, Knives, Watches.
P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Seeds Given Away!

A PACKAGE Mixed Flower Seeds (400 kinds), with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa.
☞ Write now. This notice will not appear again.

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Sold in Boxes at 18 cents, sufficient for 3 pints, and 36 cents, sufficient for 7 pints.

A GREAT LUXURY.

Inventors and Manufacturers, ALFRED BIRD & SONS, *Birmingham, England.*

PASTRY and SWEETS Mailed Free. EVANS & SHOWELL, Philadelphia, Pa., & 21 Park Pl., N. Y., Sole Ag'ts for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt of address, "PASTRY & SWEETS," a little work containing Practical Hints & Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S MILITARY OPERATIONS.

The Military Operations of General Beauregard in the War between the States, 1861 to 1865; including a brief Personal Sketch and a Narrative of his Services in the War with Mexico, 1846–8. By ALFRED ROMAN, formerly Colonel of the 18th Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards Aide-de-Camp and Inspector-General on the Staff of General Beauregard. In Two Volumes. With Portraits, &c. Vol. I., pages xx., 594; Vol. II., pages xvi., 692. 8vo, Cloth. Sold (in sets only) throughout the country, exclusively by subscription, and delivered to subscribers at the following prices per vol.: Cloth, $3.50; Sheep, $4.50; Half Morocco, $5.50; Full Morocco, $7.50—payable on delivery.

No Southern writer has given us so large or so valuable a store of historical matter and interpretative criticism.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

One of the most important and entertaining contributions yet made to the history of the civil war. It can be accepted as authentic in every particular.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A singularly vivid and picturesque presentation of some of the leading events of the war. * * * It corrects a good many errors by means which leave no occasion for doubt or question.—*N. Y. Times.*

An important historical work.—*N. Y. Herald.*

AGENTS WANTED.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

A beautiful work of 150 pages, Colored Plate, and 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Seeds and Plants, and how to grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

It tells what you want for the Garden, and how to get it, instead of running to the grocery at the last moment to buy whatever seeds happen to be left over, meeting with disappointment after weeks of waiting. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

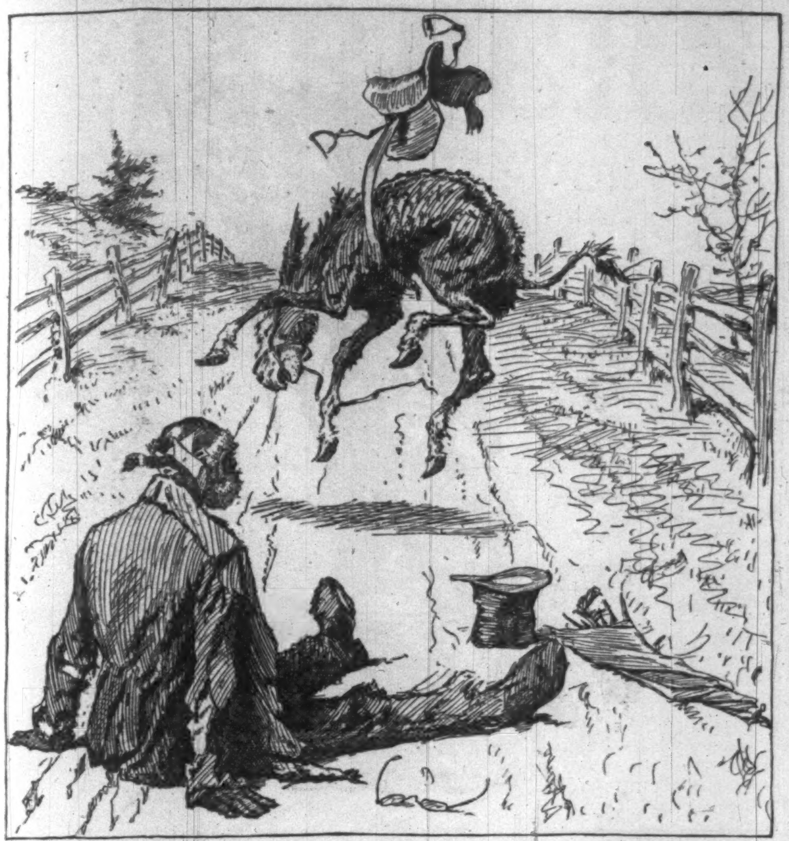
We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

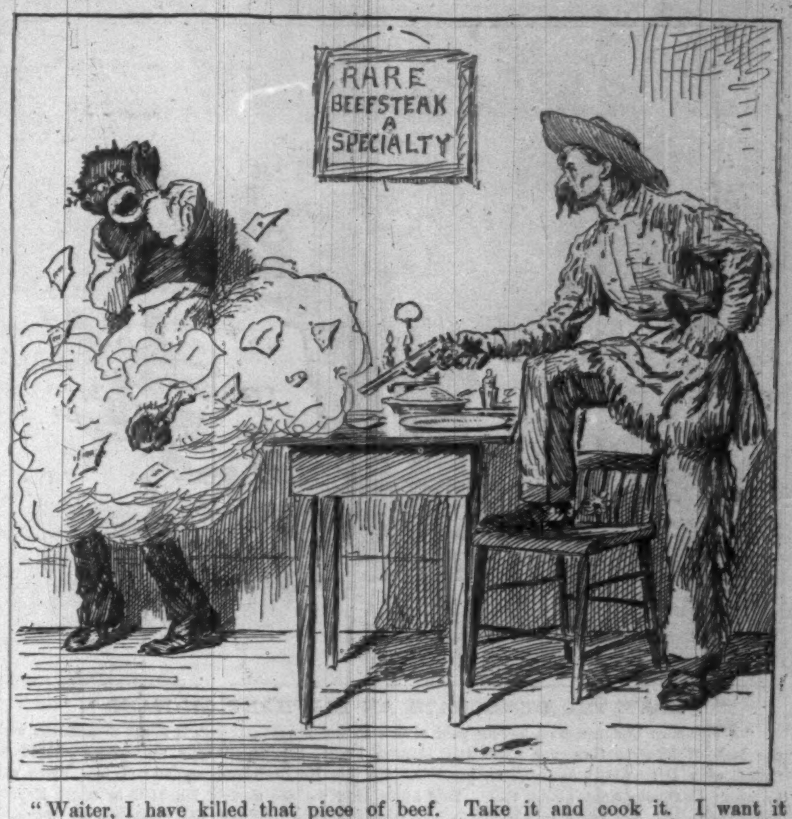
Our "Perfection Electric Bell" embodies the latest improvements in electrical alarms. It is transportable, complete, durable, reliable, and, in sick-rooms, almost indispensable. You can put it up yourself. Four dollars only. Send for Circular.

E. G. HAMMER & CO., 52 Nassau St., N. Y.

SEEDS OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1885, OF "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN," full of valuable cultural directions, containing three colored plates, and embracing everything **new** and **rare** in **Seeds** and **Plants**, will be mailed on receipt of stamps to cover postage (6 cents). To customers of last season sent free without application. PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK. PLANTS



"Dar, now! I might er know'd dat I'd spile dat fool mule when I increased his wages to three meals a week!"



"Waiter, I have killed that piece of beef. Take it and cook it. I want it *dead*, if I did order it *rare*."

Arnold Constable & Co

Spring Novelties in Cloths.

Will exhibit their Spring Importation of Ladies' Plain and Fancy Cloths of English, French, Irish, and Scotch manufacture, adapted for Tailor-Made Suits, Jackets, &c. Also, Gentlemen's Cloths for Suitings, Cassimeres, Overcoatings, &c., from all the celebrated makers in Europe.

Broadway & 19th st.

Cuticura

ECZEMA ON SCALP.

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt-Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

AT HOME.

If you want something that will be enjoyed by such of the family as sing, or play on Piano or Organ, or find pleasure in hearing Music, it may be well for you to try the

Franklin Square Song Collection.

It is safe to predict that as soon as it becomes known it will have an immense sale, and will presently be found wherever *Harper's Weekly*, *Monthly*, *Bazar* and *Young People* are found—that is to say everywhere. Because of this book there will be better and more wholesome singing and more of it in American homes than ever before.—*Literary World.*

No. 1—Two Hundred (200) Songs and Hymns, 40 cts.
No. 2—Two Hundred (200) Songs and Hymns, 50 cts.

For Sale by Booksellers and News-Dealers Everywhere.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c. Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, Messrs. FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

PALM KOSMEO.

For preventing and eradicating WRINKLES, for PRESERVING the SKIN, keeping it smooth and free from pimples and blackheads. Everything can be said in its praise, as nothing ever known has been able to do one half what PALM KOSMEO can do. Use it on the little faces and hands that are exposed to the rough wind, and you will be convinced of its merits and that it is "worth its weight in gold." Price, $1 and $2 a box. Can be sent by mail.

MRS. C. THOMPSON,
32 East 14th St., N. Y.

NOTICE TO THE CLERGY.

We take pleasure in announcing that the first supplementary volume to "M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia" was issued November 15, 1884.

Comparatively few of the subjects treated in the Supplement will be found in any other cyclopædia, whether general or special. Thus it will be a very desirable companion, not only to the main work, but to every other of the kind.

We shall be pleased to hear from any who have assisted in the canvass of the work itself, with a view to taking an agency for the Supplement. The large circulation of the previous volumes of "M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia" should satisfy all concerned that the canvass will be remunerative.

The Supplement will be uniform with the set, and will be sold to subscribers only at the following prices: *i. e.*, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00 per vol.

AGENTS WANTED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,

Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cents will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cents in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa

40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chromo Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit, all for 15 cts. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marèchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

DOCTEUR PIERRE'S
(OF THE PARIS FACULTY OF MEDICINE)
Hygienical Preparations.
DENTIFRICE
EAU ET POUDRES (LIQUID AND POWDER).
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
8 Place de l'Opera, Paris.
New York, Wholesale, 42 Murray Street.

VELOUTINE FAY
Invaluable for the Freshness and Beauty of the Complexion and the Skin.
CHARLES FAY,
Perfumer,
9 Rue de la Paix,
PARIS.
THE MOST CELEBRATED RICE POWDER
PREPARED WITH BISMUTH.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

War Volumes of Harper's Weekly

Are now entirely out of print and the plates have been destroyed.

We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion," same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 of the illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War.

2 vols. Price, delivered, free of express charges: Cloth, $14; Half Turkey Morocco, $20.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

McDONNELL BROS.,
113 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.;
25 East 14th St., New York, N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED.

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES!

Easiest riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as with two. The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry. Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all the leading Carriage Builders and Dealers. Henry Timken, Patentee, St. Louis.

CAUTION!—Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the **original** $3 Shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. **You cannot** be sure of getting the **genuine** article unless you are careful to examine and see that this stamp appears plainly on the soles:

JAMES MEANS'
$3 SHOE.

JAMES MEANS' $3. SHOE BUTTON

This Shoe for Gentlemen is made of Finest Tannery Calf Skin, stitched with heavy Silk Machine Twist, and is unequalled in Durability, Comfort, and Appearance. It is made in various widths to fit any foot. It is made with either broad or narrow toes.

Made in styles shown in cut, also in Congress or Lace. The quality of this Shoe has won for it so high a place in public estimation that it stands to-day absolutely without a rival. Wherever you live, this Shoe is within your reach. Ask your dealer for it, and if he cannot supply you with a good fit, send your address on postal card to

JAMES MEANS & CO., 42 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

TO EUROPE FOR STUDY AND TRAVEL.

Several young ladies may secure the highest advantages of a year "abroad" with an American professor's family. For ocean trip and other details, address promptly PROF. W. H. YOUNG, Carlsruhe, Germany.

50 Entirely new 1885 Chromo Cards, or 12 Hidden Name, 10 cts. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

The Only Pure Waukesha Water
IS THE
WAUKESHA GLENN,
The Well-Known "Queen of Waters."
REIGNS ALONE AMONG NATURAL DIETETIC TABLE WATERS. ITS NUMEROUS COMPETITORS APPEAR TO HAVE, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, FALLEN AWAY.
The Only Spring in Waukesha that Remains at One Temperature
BOTH SUMMER AND WINTER—(i. e., 48 Degrees).
Address T. H. BRYANT, Waukesha, Wis.
WAUKESHA IS A MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT, ON THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY.
FREE { A WATERBURY WATCH is sent with every Retail Case. No advance in Cost Price, $7.00. *Remit by Bank Draft, Postal Order, Express, or Registered Letter.*

SEEDS
OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1885, OF
"EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN."
full of valuable cultural directions, containing three colored plates, and embracing everything **new** and **rare** in **Seeds** and **Plants**, will be mailed on receipt of stamps to cover postage (6 cents). To customers of last season sent free without application.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
35 & 37 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.
PLANTS